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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Yours very truly
George Moore.

Case Histories

WHEN, and if, diplomacy becomes a more exact science, statesmen will not neglect popular literature as a means of diagnosis. Drama, fiction, poetry, and history and biography, stand midway between the wish psychology of the screen and the post mortems of science, and typical moods of a nation are often recorded in novels long before the statisticians and the interpreters have found anything to investigate. It is a fair guess that if Mr. Hoover had searched for evidence in the realistic American novels and poetry of the past ten years he would never have stated so positively that the old American spirit of expansion and exploitation was as strong as ever, for he would have discovered thousands of powerful pages describing the typical problem of men and women for whom Progress in the old sense was up a dead-end street. He would have found that to poetry the adventurous individualism of the frontier was already a theme of history mellowed by passing beyond actuality into romance. He would have observed that the go-getter and the organizer for expansion and the believer in manifest destiny had become types of comedy or satire, even in books of the best-seller type. He would have found an America intensely self-critical and both unwilling and unable to go back to the age of confident strenuosity.

What harm has been done by the failure of Europeans to read our books can only be conjectured. We read theirs badly—except for the English—but far better than they ours. The European imagination has created an America made out of Upton Sinclair, Jack London, Sinclair Lewis, with perhaps a dash of Dreiser and Waldo Frank, and this fantastic America is familiar all the way from Russia to the tip of Italy and from the Balkans to France. It takes its background from the preposterous America of the movies which is visible nightly everywhere, and background and foreground together suggest a nightmare country, a picture of America which is no less dangerous because it seems inconsistent and inhuman. Sentimental adventure, the excesses of plutocracy, the curse of standardization, and violent social discontent make the European's epic of America.

There should be some international agency which would serve as a publicity

(Continued on next page)

George Moore

(A Conversation in Ebury Street)

By OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

TO give an adequate idea of the man behind his books, I find myself falling into the natural inclination to dramatize a conversation with him. Even though he is dead, I know so well that if I call into his house half way down that Ebury Street which he wrote of as "the long slum in which I live," in order to annoy the lordly owner from which it took its name, I will find him in his red plush, high-backed armchair with his back to the broad window, closed by heavy curtains, against which his silver white, flossy hair and porcelain pink face will be silhouetted if he moves. His drooping mustache still contains hints of red at the ends and hides an infirm mouth, only the bright, outturned lower lip of which may be seen. From the small hall the maid will announce me. I shall overhear no comment. I shall be left in suspense as to the welcome I shall receive. "Why is this?" I ask myself, now that I am reflecting on him and on our long acquaintanceship of thirty years. Is it because I was younger and he did not feel it incumbent upon himself to regard me as a contemporary? But yet when I remember all the strains and quarrels through which his friendships were filtered, I think it was something in the man's nature that left even his best friends insecure. He was one of those automatically cantankerous people, yet simple . . . almost childish, and lovable in the way that the mother loves double those who give the most annoyance. He lived long but he never grew aged.

"Ah, my dear Gogarty! How good of you to come to see me! How good you were to come to see me when I was in that abominable nursing home."

"That was a year ago or more. You may not have been aware of it, but you alarmed us all because you were nearly dying."

"Oh, was I? How wonderful. . . . It seemed so easy. Do you really assure me I was dying, because I felt no pain. . . . After all, it must be very easy to die. . . . It's what Socrates did. One should not make too much to-do about it, but let us change the distressing subject. . . ."

I hear the strange way he hissed his laugh through his teeth, which always ended the paragraph of our conversation. There would be silence. The bronze, French clock representing a muse leaning on a lyre which framed the dial, could be heard ticking in the Master's quiet room. I would glance nervously at the beautiful landscape by Fisher on the opposite wall, beside which hung the best of his three portraits . . . that which Miss Harrison painted. I would let my eyes fall again on the fire.

"You've come from Dublin. What is that fellow, Yeats, doing? What news have you of A.E.?"

It was very difficult to tell him any news, because these were contentious living subjects. I would say, to change the subject, "In Dublin they are wondering how you are. How is 'Aphrodite in Aulis' getting on? Did you finish those four hexameters which you were writing when I saw you last? You promised to give me a copy of them when they were complete. I remember they ended 'foam-born Aphrodite in Aulis.'"

With a deprecating gesture—"Oh, my dear friend. . . . Let us not talk of that,

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Sinclair Lewis*

By BERNARD DE VOTO

WITH good business acumen, the publishers of Sinclair Lewis have brought out in the same fortnight with "Ann Vickers" a small volume in which Mr. Carl Van Doren bestows on him the most unchecked adulation he can have received since the 1902 graduation issue of the Sauk Center High School "O-Sa-Ge." Mr. Van Doren's book has some sound criticism in it, but you have to clear away a vast débris of emotion to get at it. His primary thesis, that Mr. Lewis is the most thoroughly American of contemporary novelists, can hardly be contraverted, and his assumption (which seems to him so axiomatic that he hardly phrases it), that Mr. Lewis is the best novelist of his generation, will not be questioned here. Mr. Van Doren had intimated as much before, but enthusiasm has now so wrought upon him that the comparative detachment of his earlier studies has melted away and his discussion of the novelist becomes something very much like a hymn to the sun. "Mr. Lewis," he says, "has a mind better disciplined than Mark Twain's, and more mental and moral courage." The word, observe, is "disciplined." "Not one of them [Theodore Dreiser, H. L. Mencken, Eugene O'Neill, James Branch Cabell, Edwin Arlington Robinson] has kept so close to the main channel of American life as Mr. Lewis, or so near the human surface." And "not only is he an American telling stories, but he is America telling stories." And, "Even in the Middle West men and women have had to look twice at their own faces in the mirror to be sure that they are or are not like the men and women of Zenith and its suburbs." And finally, "When the actual cities have faded into history, Zenith, with all its garish colors and comic angles, will stand up like a living monument. It will be the hub of the universe which Mr. Lewis has shaped out of the Middle West of his age."

With this more than princely ability to promise diurturnity unto his relics, Sinclair Lewis clearly enters a new phase, as a culture hero or a sun myth. It is all a little amazing to those outside the cult. What's all the shooting about? After all, this is only Doc Lewis's boy, Red, who has been writing novels. Pretty good novels, but not—quite—masterpieces that justify that sort of incense. Mr. Van Doren's book lacks something as critical finality. But the publisher's impulse was sound: it makes a fine blurb.

Yet the appearance of a new novel by the only American who has ever been awarded a Nobel Prize for literature ought to be an opportunity for criticism. For unemotional analysis, for the examination of a number of critical conventions already established, for a consideration of primary purposes and the extent of their achievement. The first step of such an examination would ask an elementary question. Are these six novels, the most vigorous of our time in America, supposed to be satire or realism? Is Mr. Lewis dealing, as realists deal, with the truth of experience in American life, or is he, as a practising sociologist with a fine talent and a burning rage, caricaturing the America of our time with a moral purpose equivalent to Swift's? So far as I know, no one has discussed that question very seriously, and yet it makes all the difference. For if Sinclair Lewis thinks of himself primarily as a satirist, then the brilliance of his achievement is not open to question. But if he intends realism, then his instruments are defective and a large part of the work he has done with them is just grotesque.

Mr. Van Doren, without asking the question, wrote for realism. For instance, "Elmer Gantry." It is, Mr. Van Doren says, "essentially a story, and a classic story, of a false priest who himself committed the sins he scourged in others." But is it? One remembers that the book contains a number of other priests besides Gantry and that they are all kicked about in the same way. One remembers the wholly fantastic distortion of the religious scene. It was written after an intensive study of the American clergy, a study made with the help of expert consultants. In "Elmer Gantry," as in "Arrowsmith" and "Ann Vickers," Mr. Lewis constituted himself a commission of inquiry making a survey, a sociological survey. The book sets forth his findings, but one knows that the commission posited its findings before beginning the inquiry, and that would not seem to be realism. As a novel about a false priest, it is intolerably deficient in understanding, intolerably naive in its consideration of spiritual affairs, intolerably faulty as a presentation of experience. But considered as the work of a sociologist in fiction, a headlong satire of religious hypocrisy and commercialism written by a man who furiously hates them, it is one of the most invigorating books of our time. Similarly with "Arrowsmith," a study

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* ANN VICKERS. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50. SINCLAIR LEWIS. By Carl Van Doren. With a bibliography by Harvey Taylor. The same. $2.

This Week

BRIGHT, PARTICULAR STAR.
By ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

"COMPANY K."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"ONE ARM SUTTON."
Reviewed by F. YEATS-BROWN.

"THE THREE PELICANS."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"INTRODUCTION TO TECHNOCRACY."
Reviewed by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

"ETRUSCAN PLACES."
Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN.

"IMMIGRANT GIFTS TO AMERCAN LIFE."
Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO.

"100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS."
Reviewed by T. SWANN HARDING.

"KING ŒDIPUS."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

THE FOLDER.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

THE READERS' GUIDE.
Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

Next Week, or Later

COURTEOUS READER
By CHAUNCEY B. TINKER.

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which was also directed by an expert—one who happened to dislike the Rockefeller Foundation. A realistic novel about a bacteriologist would require more subtlety and intricacy of understanding than is ever expended on Martin. (His prayer, which Mr. Van Doren quotes, and his customary state of mind while working at his trade has caused a bacteriologist of my acquaintance to want—I use his own winning expression—to puke). But it is a novel of great power and great charm, and those qualities proceed from the satirist's fervor—his hatred of stupidity, his scorn of frailty and time-serving and injustice, and his admiration of heroism and determination. And "Babbitt." It has made a mould; it has worked its way into the possession of everyone, a complete expression of our time. But not as an expression of the truth about business men, or even about George F. Babbitt, but as an expression of our sentiments, in this generation, about them.

Or take the "superb mimetic gift" of which Mr. Van Doren speaks, and which every commentator has dwelt on since the publication of "Main Street." It is perhaps time to inquire whether Mr. Lewis possesses it. If the phrase means anything, it means that he can reproduce with great fidelity the idioms, rhythms, and melodies of actual speech. But can he? At least he never has. Take the "yuh's" and "yarr's" of Dr. Kennicott and the similar alphabetical explosions that signify the exclamations of daily speech. They have never been heard on this earth. Mr. Lewis's use of them has nothing to do with a mimetic gift, but they mightily serve him as a device of caricature, in the depiction of objects of satire whose relatives are the human monsters of Dickens. Take the opening pages of "Ann Vickers," pages which make unnecessary Mr. Taylor's reminder that Lewis once wrote boys' books. Children have never talked that way outside the *Youth's Companion*. Take the incredible soliloquies of Ann Vickers, of Martin Arrowsmith, of Babbitt, of Carol Kennicott. Take the lightning self-summaries that all Lewis's characters manage to get into every third speech, their flood tide garrulity, their only half-heard slang, their naïve self-betrayals, their conversational dotting of every *i*. Take the sort of speech, ten thousand times repeated, which enables the satirist to score a point over the realist's shoulder—as when Edna Derby speaks, in "Ann Vickers."

> "Oh, rats, you're so old-*fash*ioned! Why do you suppose we *go* to college? Women have always been the slaves of men. Now it's the women's hour! We ought to demand all the freedom and—and travel and fame and so on and so forth that men have. And our own spending money! Oh, I'm going to have a career, too! I'm going to be an actress. Like *la belle* Sarah. Think! The light! The applause! The scent of—of make-up and all sorts of Interesting People coming into your dressing room and congratulating you! The magic world! Oh, I must have it. Or I might take up landscape gardening, I hear it pays slick."

Very surely, that sort of thing does not show a mimetic gift. But it, with all the other devices I have mentioned, enormously serves Mr. Lewis, in a way that is worth pointing out.

We approach the crux with the interminable speeches, from three to ten pages or more, with which Lewis's characters frequently introduce themselves and into which any of them, any at all, is likely to break without notice or provocation. They dredge up the depths of his nature quite as effectively as any "interior soliloquy." They paint before our eyes whole panoramas of his social class, his genealogy, his history, and his fortune. By sheer power of athletic endurance they create before our eyes the monster whom Mr. Lewis is assailing. But the ingenuous technique offends a novelist. They are not dialogue, they are not speech, they are not even character. What are they? They are an instrumentality of satire, an energetic caricature, a genuinely magnificent method of attack. Their function shows most purely in "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," where they are perfectly accommodated to the end in view. Elsewhere they succeed or fail in varying degree, approaching cliché. And the cliché of dialogue is only one evidence of a cliché of character which serves for satire but is deficient as realism.

The truth is that Sinclair Lewis is a warring marriage, a divided soul, a novelist and a satirist forever at each other's throats. The virtues of the satirist are the defects of the novelist. He has never yet succeeded in creating a complex character nor, in the best sense of the word, a sophisticated one. He has not given us a person of mature intellect or one in whom the passions of the mind or of the spirit seem credible. When he draws a college professor, he manipulates a cliché from the comic strips with the single-minded enjoyment of Booth Tarkington drawing a

SINCLAIR LEWIS.
A drawing by S. J. Woolf
From "Drawn from Life" (Whittlesey House).

silly young dramatist of a later day than his own. If he should draw a duchess, we would be aware of her red flannels. When he essays a scientist we get only Martin Arrowsmith, a Babbitt touched with inspiration, or Sondelius, a study in advanced glee-club portraiture, or Gottlieb, an adventure in pure tears. The pastels, the chiaroscuro of personality are quite beyond him. He has made his way through the American scene with a naïveté, a simplicity of point of view, ak limpidity, and even a shallowness which it is now time to pronounce invincible. And yet these qualities have enhanced his satire. Simplicity enables him to concentrate his superhuman energy; insensitiveness to chiaroscuro prevents the doubt that would be fatal. He becomes a flaming hate, and out of that hate he has written the most vigorous sociological fiction of our time, in America or anywhere else. Be sure that it is accompanied by a corresponding admiration, which gave us Gottlieb and Sondelius and Ann Vickers, but that admiration too is a simple passion and they also are creatures of simplicity, who exist primarily as channels for the hate directed at the milieu that they struggle against.

"Ann Vickers," Lewis's first novel in four years (it appears that he chucked the labor manifesto about which rumors once circulated), makes all this plain. For what has been said above merely announces that Sinclair Lewis was shaped by the Herbert Croly age in American thinking—the pioneer era in Greenwich Village, the days of generous, idealistic thinking about the future in America, the last generation of American hope. He is Randolph Bourne writing novels, and in his novels that liberal hope meets the reality of post-war America and, its eyes opened, goes the way of all optimism. So he turns now to hagiology, giving us a saint of that movement, a nun of the sisterhood most consecrated and most esteemed in that happy noon. Her legend has all the fecundity, all the gusto, all the hate that gave life to the earlier novels. It is Lewis writing, in matters of mere style, rather better than he ever wrote before. It is magnificently informed—instinct with a hundred qualities of the time it deals with that only Lewis could seize and fuse. A comparison is just: the novel partly coincides, in time and intention, with "Forty-second Parallel," and of the two Lewis's is much more alive, much deeper, and infinitely more aware. Beside it, the work of Dos Passos seems precious, somehow inert and more than a little flat.

Ann Vickers is a sister of Martin Arrowsmith —simple-minded and single-minded, dogged, undeluded, honest with herself, capable of the tumultuous activity that gets things done in the world. She is a suffragette, a social worker, a "penologist," and finally the superintendent of a prison. Unlike her predecessors in Mr. Lewis's biography, she does not originate in Winnemac, that state which no one who is sensitive to the feel of words could have named, but in Illinois. First converted to reform by a cobbler who is a sentimental socialist, she experiments with debating and "leadership" in college, joins a suffrage flying-squadron, and is jailed for biting a policeman, works in settlement houses, has a fling at charity, spends some time as a matron in a Southern penitentiary, and eventually becomes both the head of a women's prison and a national authority on reform, ending by seeing her lover, a dishonest judge, condemned to the system she hates and delivered from it by methods she has denounced. Her story is loosely strung, panoramic, and headlong, like all its predecessors. Ann's is somewhat more biological—in the earlier Lewis novels people seldom went to bed together except in "Elmer Gantry," and there only meretriciously—but the biology is as simple and unromantic as Ann herself. Passion, even sentiment, as a human motive eludes Mr. Lewis. He is better at hate.

It is hate that has made his earlier novels memorable, and it is hate that provides most of what is good in this one. It is spent lavishly on the politicians and reformers who are to "Ann Vickers" what pastors were to "Elmer Gantry" and doctors and bacteriologists to "Arrowsmith," and it rises to the finest rhapsody he has yet given us when Ann goes to the State penitentiary at Copperhead Gap. Those pages are Lewis at his purest, most concentrated, most powerful — hurling at our naked nerves cruelty and stupidity, ugliness, graft, bribery, wretchedness, hopelessness, despair. Public attention will probably concern itself mostly with Copperhead Gap—approval and resentment will center there. And yet those pages and the magnificent hatred that produces them are not all. For Ann's career covers most of the thinking what was going on in America during its time. Constantly interrupted by Mr. Lewis's scolding and by his frankly Thackerayan essays on a myriad liberal themes—published separately, they would make a year's output for any Foundation—it does project Our Times, and on the whole more truly than Mr. Sullivan. It is an America violently caricatured by a satirist and further distorted by the lens of the hopeful generation, and yet it is the America we know, more profoundly seen and more vigorously rendered than anywhere else in our fiction.

There you have him. Too unscrupulous a satirist, too defective a technician, too limited by the intellectual and emotional clichés of his generation, too naïve and too earnest, Sinclair Lewis is nevertheless the best novelist of his generation in America. He knows America better than any of the others, and he has conspicuously what they lack, fecundity and strength. Mr. Van Doren is right in calling him masculine. But why be euphemistic? The word is "male." He has extraordinary power, virility, boisterousness, and sheer nervous and muscular energy. They are qualities which dissolve away his shortcomings and which cannot be spared from fiction, these days of anemic invention and querulous estheticism.

Still, he is no sun god. Mr. Van Doren's expectation that "Babbitt" will live on long after Detroit is dust seems to me a little silly. Mr. Van Doren, not I, is responsible for the appeal to Mark Twain who, he feels, had as wide a sweep as Mr. Lewis but was otherwise inferior to him. But "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" possesses, besides an infinitely deeper and wiser knowledge of America, a serenity that makes the anger of the Lewis novels seem a trivial and somewhat hysterical yell. In that serenity, not elsewhere, immortality resides. The shadow of a period is already on Lewis—already he seems, even in "Ann Vickers," a little shrill. Public preference moves on to novels written with a firmer technique, to themes whose tragic despair goes deeper spiritually than his basic optimism, to methods more rigorous and ideas more skeptical. That, no doubt, is a fashion and will pass, but first it will establish a sense of proportion about Sinclair Lewis. The Detroiters of that day, in their unfallen city, will say truly that he was the finest American novelist of his period, but in that day no American of genius was writing novels.

Case Histories

(*Continued from preceding page*)

man for the nations. Its duty should be to help in every way the translation and circularization of representative books. It could make known the literary sources for national character, advertise good books on all the important phases of national life, and urge foreign readers either to get all the story or to draw no final conclusions from unrelated and discontinuous chapters.

In the meantime, surely, the practical men who just now are finding national psychologies as tough a problem as nationalistic economics, ought to devote more time to reading. In law and medicine the method of the case history has been of inestimable value. Instead of generalizations usually partial, and theories often inapplicable to the present, the student has actual cases from which to form his opinion, and these cases are accurately recorded and chosen from the whole area of medical and legal experience.

But what excellent case histories in human nature, and especially in national or racial nature, every good novel, good play, good biography, and (more subtly) good poem supplies! Such case histories, carefully chosen, and supplemented by the more immediate but less coherent evidence of newspapers and magazines, provide a ready-made curriculum for the study of national psychologies and probable national reactions to ideas or events. Even those who know their foreigners at first hand can learn much that is vitally important from their novels, poems, and plays.

What the writer thinks, or what his political or social opinions may be, is not always important or even reliable, no more important or reliable than the opinions or policies of business men or manufacturers, which seldom extend far beyond their prejudices. But what the active and accurate imagination of the artist gathers in, interprets, and makes into a pattern of life—that is important because it is evidence, less dispassionate than statistics, but often far closer to useful truth.

Bright, Particular Star

By ISABEL FISKE CONANT

SOME, though they know it not, walk ever beneath
A bright, particular star, their very own,
That at their birth shone on their homestead heath
And was aware that it was theirs alone.
I know not which is mine; I would it were
Altair, the Eagle; Vega in the Lyre,
But I will not to an astrologer
To find the origin of my intimate fire.

And if I may not have a sun for source,
It were enough that some small asteroid
Revolved upon its little, separate course
For my own candle-point within the void;
So that it were my own, even though I must
Go unaware of it, foot-printing dust.

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As It Was

COMPANY K. By WILLIAM MARCH. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. MARCH, himself a veteran who served with distinction overseas, has hit on the effective idea of writing his war "novel" in a series of very brief sketches, each of the 113 of which carries the name of one of the members of "Company K" Each tells his experience in the first person, character is implicit in dialogue and action, and occasional cross-lights are cast by having the same episode viewed by contrasting characters in succession. There is no further direct continuity between the various episodes, but there is a rough sequence of time, and the tabloid dramas, most of them little more than a page in length and some even shorter than that, follow the rising and descending curve of emotion from the American training-camp through the months of active fighting and back home again.

The outstanding virtues of Mr. March's work are those of complete absence of sentimentality and routine romanticism, of a dramatic gift constantly heightened and sharpened by the eloquence of understatement. Your first impression is that of the ultimate "low-down." Here is the thing as it was, as the man in the ranks saw it, modern war and the dumb cattle sucked into its vortex, without a touch of prettifying or falsity.

One can't help speculating on the sensation this book would have made had it appeared in the early '20's, before "What Price Glory," "All Quiet" and all the rest of the anti-war literature and drama. It is easier now to write such a book. The public mind has been prepared, is ready to meet it more than half way. The author is under no necessity to overcome initial prejudice, to waste steam on non-essentials. He can throw away all impedimenta and drive straight for his objective—that of making modern war seem utterly bestial and futile. Granting this atmospheric change and its implications, Mr. March has nevertheless written an extraordinarily moving and an important book—one that deserves a place with the best of its kind.

A second, less favorable, impression follows, not unnaturally, from the very advantages just mentioned. The author's freedom, that is to say, to pile horror on horror, cynicism on cynicism, ends by leaving one with a sense of that "too much" which defeats itself. Of routine romanticism there is, indeed, no trace; but the continuous heaping up of bitterness and irony without any of the compensatory elements which were there, also, in life results in a sort of reverse-romanticism, so to say, in an overemphasis which is also false.

One could point out specific instances as well as the general tendency. That story of the American runner who killed a lone German in the wood, shot him twice, ran his bayonet up under the chin, through the roof of the man's mouth and into his brain, and then couldn't pull his bayonet out, even after he put his hobnailed boot on the dead man's face, and tugged and stamped, gouging some of the man's face away, is an example. The hobnails, coming on page 249, after all that has gone before, are just the straw too much. We feel that the author is "riding" us a bit, just as that infuriating Captain Matlock ("Fishmouth Terry") "rode" his long-suffering men.

The author's occasional practice of permitting characters to describe the events leading up to their own deaths, even including the final shot itself, seems of doubtful technique, and there is one curious instance of a character being killed, apparently, on page 157, only to turn up big as life again after the war toward the end of the book. But such technical slips, if they are slips, are trifling in the presence of so much that is fresh, authentic, and absolutely the real, right thing. The more horrible episodes, including that of the shooting of the prisoners, had best be left to be read, but one can't forbear quoting that curiously characteristic bit of "dumb" humor from the trenches before Verdun.

> The sector was so quiet that you wouldn't have known there was anybody out ahead at all. Only a rocket and the sputter of a machine-gun, now and then, and after a while, further down the trench, another rocket and a dozen more machine-gun bullets to go with it.
>
> The boys made up a story that there wasn't anybody in front of us except an old man, who rode a bicycle, and his wooden-legged wife. The man would ride down the duckboards, with his wife running behind him carrying the machine-gun. Then the man would stop and send up a rocket, while the old woman fired the gun. After that they started all over, and kept it up all night.
>
> The boys talked about the old German, and his wife with the wooden leg, until, after a while, everybody began to believe they were actually there.
>
> "It's just like a German to make his wife run behind him and carry the heavy gun," said Emile Ayres one night. "They beat their wives, too, I've heard it said."
>
> "That's a lie!" said Jakie Brauer, whose mother and father were both born in Germany. "Germans are as good to their wives as Americans, or anybody else!"
>
> "Then why don't he carry the gun sometime?" Emile asked; "why don't he carry the gun and let the old woman ride on the bicycle?"

AMERICAN FRONT, 1918. BY GEORGE PICKEN.
From the Catalogue of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

A Modern Munchausen

ONE ARM SUTTON. By MAJOR GENERAL F. A. SUTTON. New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by F. YEATS-BROWN

WHEN General Sutton was travelling on the trans-Siberian railway, he found his cook quarrelling with another servant; so he grabbed a log of wood and hit him a crack on the back of the head. "The train was lumbering along at five miles an hour," he writes in his casual way, "I dragged the limp Chinaman to the door and threw him out, pitching his box after him. He would waken in a strange country, a long way from Vladivostok. . . . So there we were cookless."

All his amazing adventures are told in this remorseless style. Not Casanova nor indeed Munchausen can hold a candle to this one-armed General in dramatic escapes, surprising intrigues, and vivid narrative. Moreover, there is no doubt that his book is a substantially true record of things seen and endured: it is probably a sense of humor that makes the author claim only ninety-five per cent of veracity for his experiences. Sutton lost his right hand in the Dardanelles, having had it blown off at the wrist while he was fielding a hand grenade. The Indian troops in his trench retired, leaving him alone with a wounded British soldier. Then

> a big Turk, a regular whale of a Turk, tall as I am, and as broad, with clenched teeth and fierce eyebrows, came across at me with fixed bayonet. I tried to get my revolver out of its holster but couldn't, and for the life of me didn't know why. I was on my feet again watching the Turk and the bayonet, stepping very carefully, spitting out sand, and trying to see. He drove at my stomach. I got it in the leg by turning the point down. Then I saw my hand, or what was left of it—odd, what thoughts crop up in the mind at such a moment. I remembered in a flash what old Jimmy Braid had said to me one day, *"Laddie, ye'd make a braw guid golfer, if ye did na' use your right hand so muckle!"*

The Turk tried to throttle Sutton, and the wounded Tommy heaved a rock at him, but hit the British officer. Sutton now bit off the Turk's ear, found a discarded knife in the trench, jammed it in his enemy's windpipe, and "very quietly, with a certain dignity and leisure, the Turk rolled off me and lay on his back on the sand."

Sutton was awarded a Military Cross for this encounter, and was afterwards employed in the Ministry of Munitions, first in England, and then in Philadelphia, manufacturing trench mortars for the American Government. When the war ended, he determined to make his fortune as a gold prospector and merchant prince. He bought a dredger and took it to Siberia, together with much oddly assorted merchandise, such as a hundred tons of nails, ten thousand pairs of shoes, thousands of yards of cloth, fifty tons of horseshoes; in all forty carloads of goods.

He established very cordial relations with the Bolsheviks in those early days of the revolution. In Blago he kept open house and greased every official palm to such an extent that he not only sold all his merchandise at a large profit, but was in a fair way to become a millionaire by contracting to supply a dozen gold dredgers to the Siberian Republic. This deal fell through, however, owing to the arrival of Commissars from Moscow who considered that the gold still remaining in the Blago banks would be of more use to the Red cause in the safe-deposit vaults of the capital rather than in the pockets of General Sutton. Nevertheless, the General got away with more than $300,000, which he soon lost by speculating in Shanghai.

Nothing daunted, he set out to make another fortune as Armorer in Chief to a Chinese General who had established himself upon the Yang-tse River. An unfortunate dispute between rival warlords, during which Sutton killed one of them as he sat in his tent, brought this part of his career to a sudden close. For his subsequent (and according to popular report even more startling) adventures we must be content to await the sequel to the present book. We know that Sutton took service under the famous Chang-tso-lin, and was the technical brain behind the Manchurian dictator's advance from petty banditry to the conquest of half China. Sutton's part in these affairs, if he can and will tell it, should be of more than passing interest and importance, for it is bound up with a dark page in the history of the Far East. At present, he is supposed to be selling coffins to the Chinese, combined with an insurance policy and a lottery ticket. No doubt he is amassing another fortune, but it is to be hoped that the pursuit of riches will not stop his writing. The world has plenty of millionaires, even today, but too few men of the stamp of Sutton.

A Portrait of Cranmer

THE THREE PELICANS: Archbishop Cranmer and the Tudor Juggernaut. By ARTHUR STYRON. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE line that divides history from fiction is hardest to define in biography. "The best of the historian," said Sir Philip Sidney wisely, "is subject to the poet." For without that intuition which we call "historical insight," but which is really a specially controlled exercise of the creative imagination, most of the past can never come alive at all, can never enter the mind as imaginatively realized experience, cannot be said to exist as history but only as the unorganized material from which history can be evoked. And in the field of biography, since its concern is with the mysteries of individual human action, the insight, the controlled imagination, of the historian must have freest play; only by going beyond the documents to an imaginative recreation of the whole figure of his subject can he satisfy our desire to understand this part of history. "What kind of a person was Cæsar or Bismarck or Queen Elizabeth?" we want to know. And for this question the records rarely hold a complete answer. Yet sympathy and interpretative tact may discover an answer that is at least suggestive. And the question, although ignorantly put, is a real and vital one for everyone who regards history as more than a scholar's empty game. As scientific history becomes more and more rigorous in its exclusion of the unprovable, interpretive (and therefore, necessarily, fictionalized) biography may become one of the most important parts of popular history.

To the practitioner of this kind of biography Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, offers a provocative challenge. He received his great office from the Pope with the object of striking a fatal blow at papal authority. Himself a married man in violation of the canon law, his first act in office was to grant on the ground of canon law a divorce to Henry VIII. He helped send to the stake ignorant fanatics whose views on religion were not divided by a hair from those he himself afterwards avowed. Again and again in an age of violent intrigue and revolution he saved himself by his slippery political agility; he saw Anne Boleyn, Thomas Cromwell, and the Protector Somerset go to their ruin, and acquiesced or aided in the destruction of the allies by whom he had risen. And in the end, after the last throw of the reformers had failed, and after Latimer and Ridley, his associates, had perished in the fire for their faith, he signed five recantations with the sole hope of saving his life by the disavowal of all those protestant opinions with which it had been publicly identified. But for every damning stroke in the picture there is an offset. When all is said, Cranmer was the first ecclesiastical statesman of the English reformation, and one of the first great masters of English prose. It is difficult to see how any Tudor politician could have followed tactics other than time-serving with success; and Cranmer's subservience to Henry VIII may have been dictated less by fear than by sound judgment and personal and patriotic loyalty. Indeed he often pursued a line of policy different from the king's, and the close study of his views reveals a consistent and logical development. He abandoned his friends with reluctance and fought his enemies without rancor. He was personally free from the vices of his age, courteous, merciful, and with a kind of saintly humility. And if for a moment he weakened in his final trial, he went to the stake with the resolution of a martyr and held the hand that

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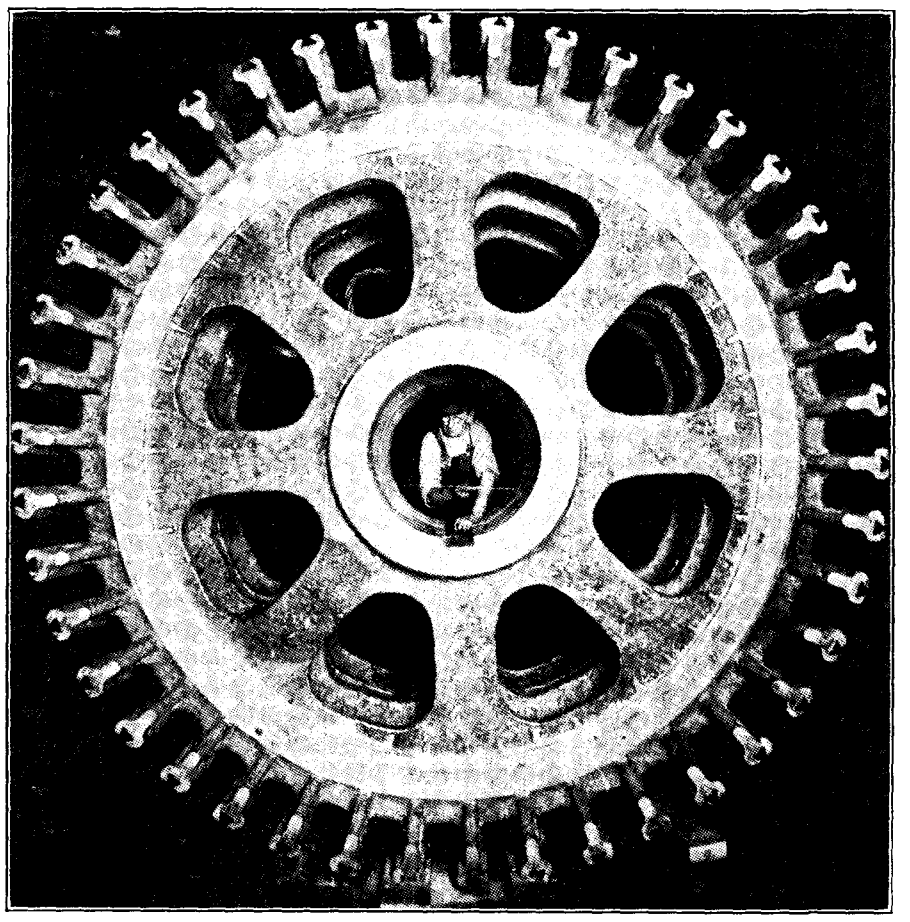
signed his recantations in the flames with the cry, "This hand offended!" None of his biographers, of whom A. F. Pollard, the most scholarly, is too concise and too evasive, and Hilaire Belloc, the most recent, and perhaps the most gifted, is too burdened with his thesis to be fair, has ever produced a picture of Cranmer which explains the contradictions in his career and satisfies at once the imagination and the facts.

Mr. Stryon's full length study of Cranmer, then, is a welcome attempt. To his task he brings a wide reading in the literature of the period, particularly, as is appropriate, in the writings of Cranmer himself, and a gift for vivid and stirring narrative. His account of the consecration of Cranmer as Archbishop, for instance, is a glowing bit of a medieval pageantry, and his excerpts from contemporary letters and pamphlets, though sometimes presented rather awkwardly as conversations, are shrewdly chosen. And his adoption of a quasi-fictional approach should leave him the freer to achieve a well-rounded interpretation. It is therefore disappointing that the Cranmer who emerges from Mr. Stryon's pages is a fainter, more nebulous, and much less convicing figure than the Cranmer of Pollard, of Belloc, or even of Froude.

Partly, of course, this comes from stating the difficulties in understanding Cranmer instead of evading them, but chiefly it comes, I think, from Mr. Stryon's failure to pursue firmly the method of personal, fictional, character study with which he set out. He is constantly diverted towards the larger issues of Reformation history, so that more than half his book is devoted to an exposition of that complicated half century and of Mr. Stryon's personal views about it. It does not matter much that in venturing into this wider field Mr. Stryon has been entangled in occasional minor errors of fact, errors multiplied apparently by careless proofreading. Cornelius Agrippa, for instance, was not imprisoned in Brussels in 1531 for favoring Henry's divorce. He did not favor the divorce (see *Agrip. Epist. Lib.* VI *Ep.* 20) and his imprisonment was for debt. The "Chantries Act" (37 *Hen VIII cap* 10) was six years after the Act of the Six Articles, not before, as is implied, and most of the chantries were not actually dissolved until the reign of Edward VI. The account of Edward VI's illness and death is largely unhistorical, and the statement that he and the duke of Richmond "inherited tuberculosis" from their father Henry VIII verges on nonsense. The astounding remark that Erasmus was "a Polish priest" is probably a mere slip of the pen.

What is of more consequence than these incidental errors is that Mr. Stryon has evolved a theory, or perhaps a group of theories, about the forces and tendencies at work during the Reformation which strain the structure of his book in their efforts at expression, damaging it, and damaging themselves. Bundles of tendencies are loosely labelled "Puritan," for instance, or "sentimental," and these labels are pasted on the characters in lieu of explanation. It does not make for clarity nor aid the sympathetic imagination to be told that Cranmer acted thus and so because he was a "Puritan," particularly when we have just learned that Henry VIII was also a "Puritan," and that St. Thomas Aquinas was a "Puritan," and that the primitive church was puritanic. Mr. Stryon's publishers have paid him no compliment in comparing his work with that of Merezhkovsky, but they have put their fingers on his weakest spot, his tendency to take refuge from the rigors of exact analysis in a vaguely exalted mysticism and behind nebulous and shifting terms. In spite of many inspiriting passages on the way, one comes to the end of "The Three Pelicans" with a feeling of disappointment. It really ought to be two books: an essay on the spirit of the Reformation, and—under separate cover—a fictionalized biography of the man Cranmer. And one's disappointment is only deepened by the suspicion that Mr. Stryon, under severer self-discipline and with a fuller realization of the limitations imposed upon a writer by the form which he accepts, would be quite capable of writing both of them.



FROM "MEN AT WORK," BY LEWIS W. HINE (MACMILLAN).

Technocracy Speaks

INTRODUCTION TO TECHNOCRACY. By HOWARD SCOTT. New York: The John Day Company. 1933. 90 cents.

Reviewed by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

PERSONAL attacks upon Mr. Howard Scott have reached their last and most logical idiocy in the complaint of some novelist or other that Mr. Scott cannot be a man of culture because he drank five glasses of water during a nation-wide radio broadcast. But the impersonal attack upon the technocratic position continues and gives every evidence of continuing to continue for some time to come. The Technocrats themselves see to that. The first of January marked the publication in *Harper's Magazine* of an article with the somewhat pompous byline: "prepared under the supervision of Howard Scott," and the first week of the month saw the publication by the same publisher of the same article (somewhat expanded) in book form under the title: "The A B C of Technocracy." This last publication I undertook to examine at the request of the Editor of this *Review*. Since it contained no facts not available to the most ordinary journalist I concluded that, whatever might be said of the technocratic theory of the obsolescence of the price system (a theory in which I personally believe), there was very little evidence that the Technocrats had performed the original engineering research upon which their personal authority, as distinguished from the authority of their cause, must rest. Subsequently, however, and after my review of the book was in print, and after I had left the city, the Editor of the *Review* was served with formal notice over Mr. Scott's name that the "A B C of Technocracy" was not an "official" publication. How the piece could be authentic in *Harper's Magazine* and spurious in Harper's book-covers no one has yet been able to explain, but the Editor, being a gentleman of conscience, made such changes as he thought proper in my text and requested me to review the "Introduction to Technocracy," a subsequent (ten days subsequent) pamphlet bearing in red lettering on gray boards the following words: "By *Howard Scott* and others." It seemed to him as it seems to me, that one might properly rely upon that statement if not upon the superimposed scare line: "The Only Authorized Presentation."

The whole affair is oddly reminiscent of the Authentic Will which used to be produced in the last act to the embarrassment of the villain and the final and enduring happiness of the pretty little gal with the corn-colored hair. The only trouble is that the Document in this case is a pretty seedy script and one calculated to discourage some at least of Mr. Scott's most hopeful admirers. It is, needless to say, much more impressive than the "A B C." That is, there are fewer side-show statistics to make the rustics gape. The 400,000 bricks per day per man of earlier articles has dropped to 300,000 bricks per day per twenty men. And Mr. Ackerman's chapter called "The Technologist Looks at the Depression" is effective both factually and as counter-capitalistic dialectic. But as a constructive proposal the booklet is utterly unconvincing. And since it is only by constructive proposal that the Technocrats can now make good their pretentions the failure goes pretty deep. The discovery that technological advance has bankrupted the price system is not a novel discovery nor is it a new idea (outside Wall Street) that Mr. Morgan and the turbine belong to different eras. The assertion may be worth numerous repetitions in view of the high level of human stupidity. But Technocracy cannot become the power it obviously proposes to become by reiterating facts which were widely known before it gave them voice.

The Technocrats themselves are aware of this situation. There was, originally, an attitude of Olympian aloofness: the present volume still carries Mr. Scott's statement in *The Living Age* of last December that "Technocracy proposes no solution, it merely poses the problem. . . ." But the aloofness has worn thin. The towers of a Utopia begin to lift under the scientific abstraction. The Technocratic world takes shape.

And it is a sad, sad world. For it is nothing more adult or more intelligent than a world of technological determinism. The infantile cowardice of our time which demands an external pattern, a non-human authority, has manufactured a new nurse. And that nurse is the Laws of Physics. One mechanistic nipple replaces another. The economic determinism of Marx gives way to the scientific imperative of Mr. Scott. Instead of believing with the German that all social phenomena are dictated by economic forces, we are now to believe with the American that "the outstanding feature" of the record of social life in this world "is the controlling nature (sic.) of the prevailing technology at any given time . . . upon social change." Instead of recreating the world in the image of the price of wheat, we are to admit that "all social activity . . . must obey the laws of physics." Instead of classifying human beings according to their jobs, we are to classify all life upon a basis of energy determinants. And shortly we shall be talking of the Second Law of Thermodynamics as Trotsky talks of History and as the Todas talk of the Sacred Cow.

The two isms are too close to tell apart. Communism went evangelizing with the newly discovered dogmas of economics when economics were fashionable and Technocracy goes evangelizing with the now fashionable dogmas of physics. But both schools have the same fundamental infantilism. Both are responses to the desire of our contemporaries to hide their heads, to relieve themselves of all personal responsibility, moral as well as intellectual, to return, and to return together, to the dark and comfortable and blessed womb. All that is required of man in the Technocratic world is to submit to the laws of physics, measure all life by the common denominator of physical energy, discard all activities which are not susceptible of physical mensuration, and wait for the "next most probable energy state"—the millenium. It is a picture shrewdly painted to appeal to American babbittry with its childish longing to believe in Science and Scientific Truths and Scientific Thinkers. But it is about as attractive to a man of human appetites as a patent antiseptic gargle.

And about as nourishing. We admit, or we will admit shortly, the fact of the technological revolution. But that revolution is not an end. It is a beginning. It is the beginning of an age in which the whole threadbare morality of Work will be overthrown, an age in which men will have the leisure to live. We will neither forego that hope in deference to the money system which now blocks our way nor will we surrender it to the academic syllogisms of a society of pedantic engineers. We will find a way to live in our own behalf and for our own ends.

Etruscan Places

ETRUSCAN PLACES. By D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

THIS record of casual wanderings among the tombs of the Etruscans and the modern towns whose museums house their relics, is a delightful piece of writing. Here is no archæology in the strict sense of the word; indeed much of it is inacceptable as archæology. We are given in its place the reactions of a highly gifted and sensitive artist to the beauty and vivacity of Etruscan art in drawing and painting and to the hidden symbolism upon which it is based, a symbolism whose meaning was, in many instances, already lost at the time when the tombs were decorated. There is no attempt to "do" all the sites, but a great attempt to penetrate, to feel, and to understand. It is achieved in flashes of insight and sometimes with real profundity as in the analysis of the diviner's and augur's art and the meaning of "an act of pure attention." There are passages of extraordinary beauty. How exhilarating to read these statements! By repetition and slow amplification they seem to gather weight like oncoming waves which burst in foam and glory.

The book is full of Lawrence's peculiar philosophy of the "dark strain," and while it is frequently illuminating, there are moments when one wonders whether his vision was not at times as much obscured by his theory of the "phallic consciousness" as that of any Teutonic professor by his more ponderous ratiocinations.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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George Moore

(*Continued from page* 397)

but of real poetry. I am thinking of bringing out a little volume and of calling it 'Pure Poetry.'"

"Well, if you are, I can tell you more who will not be in it than those whom you will include."

"Oh, you mustn't say that, Gogarty. I remember in Ely Place when I called on you to test your knowledge, you knew at once who was the worst poet in the English language—Coventry Patmore, who had the indecency to make a heroine out of his wife, and now you tell me you don't know the best poets in the world."

He rose and stood in front of his chair, the firelight glowing on his preposterously pink cheeks and the high, white forehead unruffled as a child's. He picked up a book, and with the thumb of one very white hand, plump as a gourd, thrust in his left armpit, began to read:

"Now listen to this:

'Goldilocks, Goldilocks
Over all the wheat and shocks.'"

"William Morris," I interrupted.

"Unerring," he said. "I might have trusted you, of course."

Alas for my sincerity. . . . I remember how I had recounted such an incident as this to Yeats, for it all happened before (to Yeats, of whom Moore said that he tried to joke, but got lost in the folds of his style), and how Yeats told me of the circumstances under which that jingle of Morris's was written. It seems that Yeats was talking to Morris at Kelmscott when the printer's devil came in with the message that his book required one or two lyrics just for packing at the end, and how, with an excuse, Morris turned aside and scribbled, "the very lyric that Moore once read to you as a specimen of the best poetry in the English language."

This was two years ago, but he was more interesting thirty-two years ago when I met him first at Ely Place in Dublin. One side of Ely Place is tall with rose-red Georgian mansions, its five houses longer than my side of it, on which the houses date from Queen Anne. The space this shortcoming leaves forms an orchard and smooth-shaven sward, which faces Moore's house, the second to last of those on the longer side of the block, and flanking mine. In this garden Moore and I used to walk and talk of the only theme that was dear to his heart—literature. I remember how pleased he was at the story I had read somewhere of the Japanese artist who painted a leaf of grass for ninety years, and said, as he was approaching one hundred, that he believed he was achieving some little mastery. Moore's devotion to literature was like that. I think he recounts in "Salve" the pleasure he took in a line where Chaucer tells how he rose betimes to see a daisy open—

Kneeling alway till it unclosed was
Upon the softe, "sweete, smale" grass.

It was in Ely Place he found his style, though his fame was around him before he visited his native land. It was due to the impinging of French thought on the Victorian novel, but here in sequestered Ely Place, his ten years' residence produced his masterpieces. It was here that under one of the many examinations in literature to which he subjected me that I persuaded him to change the title to "The Brook Kerith" from "By Kedar's Stream." It was in Ely Place that his friends gathered, every Friday, I think, to listen to the first draft of the chapters he had completed during the week. It was from Ely Place that he proposed to send me to Vienna to represent him at an assignation with a lady who adored him, but whom he had never seen.

"This is her photograph, my dear friend. If I were a younger man, I would pack my bag and go."

"Yes," said Yeats, when I told him the story, "he showed me that photograph, yellow with age, when it was doing duty for a similarly infatuated lady, from America this time."

In Ely Place that teeming genius, George Russell (AE), threw out the suggestion which Moore confiscated and turned into his play, "The Making of a Genius." It was in Ely Place that Moore did the recording of his friends' conversations which forms the content of so many Irish novelists, from George Moore to Joyce. It was in Ely Place that he formed his friendship with that old-world figure the surgeon, Sir Thornley Stoker, whose aged actress wife relinquished notoriety reluctantly by possessing heart disease and a Pomeranian dog.

"One cannot always be sympathizing, my dear Thornley, I wish to convey my sympathies to Lady Stoker now, once and for all."

It was in Ely Place that he got the pimples on his forehead, precursors of an attack of weeping eczema which I was prompted to diagnose in answer to "Gogarty, what are these loathesome things?" as "Memoirs of Your Dead Life."

These are only the reminiscenses of the amiable side of my friend. His place in the history of English literature is not for me to assess. I know that, in all its range, there is no smoother or more mellifluous master. He had no message to deliver, and all the bristles of his nature would brindle were I to divulge that I labored under the delusion that to deliver a message was the function of art. He belonged to the school of Oscar Wilde and the little knot of French Impressionists of the Nouvelles Athènes, who held and enunciated the tenet of Art for Art's sake. Turgeniev was his master. He was no deeper a thinker than Anatole France. The public do not wish to be taught thinking, and thought-production is more a matter for philosophy and guilty consciences than for art. He was no precursor of the modern free treatment of any subject, by which of course, one means only one subject, because he was like that same Japanese who grew century-old in his quest of perfect expression.

He was courageous in his opinions, which, on account of their naiveté and surprisingness, sounded foolish when first uttered; but as a friend of mine remarked, "Moore is always right," and this turned out to be true prophecy in matters of art. I do not know whether he refused the Order of Merit which the Prime Minister of England would have offered him at any moment, and Prime Ministers are not easily exasperated by the capriciousness of an artist. I do know how he brindled up at the mention of Hardy for the Nobel Prize, for he hated tragedy and predestined gloom.

When I think of the long, low line of the dim hills on the rim of his ancestral mayo and of that great house, Moore Hall, in which he first saw the light beside the green crescent of its limpid lake, or of the finely drawn line of my old Dublin hills, I know that I owe the beauty of phrase and whatever little delight my retina brings me from those features of my native land, to long traffic with this master of the English language. Now before death, even the little asperities of his character are smoothed away, polished by that pain as the prose into which no asperities crept was polished by his conscientious and laborious devotion. I do not know whether to regret or not my failure to visit him as I passed through London on my way to the United States. Perhaps it was better not. I could not have helped him. His life was closing, with the long beauty of a Lapland night, crystal and undarkened to the end. With a great period a great artist has passed away.

Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, a Senator of the Irish Free State, and a close associate of all the distinguished writers of the Irish Renaissance, is now in this country lecturing. He is as renowned for his services to his native city of Dublin as for his wit.

Our Foreign Citizens

IMMIGRANT GIFTS TO AMERICAN LIFE. By ALLEN H. EATON. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

THE story of the contributions the immigrant has made to American life has not as yet been told. Perhaps it never can be fully told. The very life of the forty million or more immigrants who have come to the United States during the last century is so interwoven with the physical and economic upbuilding of the country, with the variety and color of its life, and with the artistic, religious, and political experience of the American people, that it would be impossible to discover precisely what the immigrant has contributed. That he has produced negative conditions and serious problems cannot be gainsaid; on the other hand, it is certain that he has contributed much which has gone to enrich American life. Of the former a great deal has been said in recent years; of the latter, we are just beginning to write the story.

The present book tells a small, though significant, part of that story. Its expressed purpose is to describe the exhibitions of immigrant arts and crafts held in various cities and to offer suggestions for conduct of future ones. Actually, the volume accomplishes something far more significant. By merely mentioning, as it incidentally does, such names as Andrew Carnegie, Samuel Gompers, Sidney Hillman, Angelo Patri, Michael Pupin, Jacob Riis, Joseph Pulitzer, Alexis Carrel, Edward Bok, E. F. W. Alexanderson, David Lubin, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Franklin K. Lane, and Carl Schurz, it suggests the variety and wealth of the gifts the immigrant has placed upon the altar of America—gifts which no exhibition, however carefully organized, could possibly bring into visible form.

Chapter VI, though incidental to the main purpose, is the really significant portion of the book. It lists the foreign born who have contributed important works to sculpture, painting, the graphic arts, and the handicrafts. The list, though incomplete, is impressive. It contains such names as Augustus Saint-Gaudens from Ireland, A. Phimister Proctor from Canada, Bryant Baker from England, Max Kalish from Poland, Philip Martiny from Alsace, Lee Lawrie and Adolph Weinman from Germany, Karl Bitter from Austria, Victor Brenner from Russia, Trygve Hammer from Norway, George Julian Zolnay from Rumania, and the six Piccirilli brothers from Italy. Saint-Gaudens has contributed the *Abraham Lincoln* (Lincoln Park, Chicago), and the *Shaw Memorial* (Boston Common); Proctor, *The Buckaroo* and *The Indian Chief* (Denver), *The Circuit Rider* (Salem, Oregon), and the *Pioneer Mother* (Kansas City); Martiny, the *Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument* (Jersey City); Bitter, the *Jefferson Monument* (University of Virginia), the *Villard Memorial* (Sleepy Hollow Cemetary), and *Carl Schurz* (Carl Schurz Park, New York City); Zolnay, *The Private Confederate Soldier* (Nashville), and *Call to Arms* (St. Louis); and Piccirilli, the *Battleship Maine* (Central Park, New York City).

These names and works are taken only from the field of sculpture. The book presents also a list, nearly as impressive, of those who have contributed important works to painting, the graphic arts, and handicrafts. In this connection, it is interesting to note that four of the coins most in use in the United States were designed by foreign-born persons: Victor Brenner designed the Lincoln penny; Adolph Weinman, the dime and half-dollar; Anthony de Francisci, the silver dollar. In addition, Augustus Saint-Gaudens designed the ten and twenty dollar gold pieces.

The book, excellent in many respects, is marred by a slightly apologetic and condescending tone. In its evaluation of the exhibitions—in terms of "Americanization," attendance, interest in schools, and naturalization and "good will"—the book fails to grasp the true significance of art and of the exhibition of works of art. Art expresses the spirit of adventure, creativeness, spontaneity, joy, abandon, and the cosmic sense. If the immigrants' works of art hold any value to American life, their exhibition should surely evoke something more than can be measured in terms of "Americanization."

The book is so creditable that this defect may be overlooked. On every page it bears the mark of the excellence which has characterized every volume published by the Russell Sage Foundation. It is rich in content, clearly written, beautifully printed, choice in the wealth of its illustrations, authentic in the bibliographical and source materials it uses and refers to. A penetrative foreword is provided by the seasoned mind and hand of Mr. Shelby M. Harrison, General Director of the Russell Sage Foundation. It is hoped that this book may prove to be a first link in a long chain of scientific works which will describe and assess in a comprehensive manner the immigrant's contribution to American life.

ONE OF THE IMMIGRANT TYPE.
From "Das Deutsche Lichtbild" (Berlin: Schultz).

Professor Constantine Panunzio teaches courses in sociology in the University of California at Los Angeles. He is author of "Deportation Cases," "The Soul of an Immigrant," and "Immigration Crossroads."

"Clearly a person of narrow experience, of relatively small imagination, if he had the art of using all the materials at his command, would still have vast resources and might be a literary genius. Herrick in his exquisite poetry, Sir Thomas Browne in his majestic prose, were men with a superlative gift for expression in words, but Herrick had no ideas, and the great Sir Thomas not many. All matter imperfectly expressed is waste-matter in literature. The bare power to describe visible things is ample for an immortal reputation. When Shelley finds the words slow and soft for a toad, he is at his greatest. The evocative power over language is the writer's all in all."—Osbert Burdett.

The famous Craven Scholarship at Oxford has been won for the first time by a woman, Barbara Flower, of Lady Margaret Hall. She is a daughter of the Deputy Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

ANN VICKERS. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Doubleday, Doran.*
A novel which takes as heroine the American woman.

COMPANY K. By WILLIAM MARCH. *Smith & Haas.*
War with the glamour off, depicted through short sketches of those who suffered.

ONE ARM SUTTON. By MAJOR F. A. SUTTON. *Viking.*
A chronicle of amazing adventures.

This Less Recent Book:

THE OLD DARK HOUSE. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Harpers.*
A tense and skilful mystery story, which has recently been put on the screen.

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Food and Drugs

100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS. By ARTHUR KALLET and F. J. SCHLINK. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by T. SWANN HARDING

THIS frantic onslaught upon Government is the kind of book one learns eventually to expect when liberal intellectual reformers let out a scream for help. Their hearts are right, but their heads lack the objective judgment and precise scientific knowledge upon which alone intelligent reform can be predicated these technocratic days. Even though, as in this case, the authors be engineers, they remain passionately prejudiced reformers when faced with facts that do not happen to please them in their priestly functioning as Keepers of the Dogma.

The authors of this book are associated with Consumers' Research Inc., which, though excellent in idea and conception, is, after all, an organization competitive to the Federal Food and Drug Administration. While Consumers' Research disavows profit motives in its efforts to protect American buyers, it is trying to secure as many members as possible, and it is but natural for its technicians herein to disparage the work of another agency in the same field. Certainly the Federal work is imperfect. If we will set for a minute technical staff the impossible task of regulating our immense interstate food and drug commerce on one and one-quarter million dollars annually, we must expect it constantly to discontinue active pursuit of one set of frauds in order to have a go at another set. There can be neither time nor funds to have at all of them heartily and simultaneously.

It is most unfortunate that the authors undertook their task without making a personal investigation of the Food and Drug Administration. In their book they evidence an almost incredible ignorance of its operations and functions. They also set out to prove entirely irreconcilable theses. They hold that the Federal Government inadequately protects us from bad foods and drugs: 1. Because the officials in charge of enforcing the law are brutally corrupt rascals in league with the devil of big business; 2. Because no such small force on its inadequate appropriation could possibly do a thorough regulatory job; 3. Because the deficiencies of the law itself and the difficulty of establishing to courts and juries legal proof of violations inhibits the officials in their work.

On one page the authors hold that the Food and Drug Administration can effect reform by fiat—issue an interpretive ukase and compel obedience; on another page they correctly assert that it can go only so far as judicial interpretations of the law permit it to go. On one page they traduce Federal officials as indifferent and lenient; on another they hold that the present Federal set-up could rightfully be expected to do little more than give complete protection from frauds in the Philadelphia area alone. These theses are mutually incompatible. Excess zeal makes the authors illogical. The book tries grotesquely to walk in several directions at once and only occasionally makes progress in the right direction.

Most sensational statements abound; tabloidal shrieks rend the atmosphere and are later gradually retracted with weasel words. We read on page 4: "That big, juicy apple you have at lunch—do you know that indifferent Government officials let it come to your table coated with arsenic, one of the deadliest poisons?" Yet we learn that no apples reach the consumer bearing such a toxic "coat" and that medical literature is bereft of poisoning cases directly attributable to arsenical spray residues left on fruits or vegetables in interstate commerce.

There are also abounding errors of judgment, gratuitous insinuations, and misstatements of fact. On page 7 we read, "The Act (food and drug) does prohibit the addition of poisonous substances to foods." On page 34 the authors discover that only such additions as may possibly injure health are reprehensible. The law actually says—"if it contain any added poisonous or other added deleterious ingredient which may render such article injurious to health." It is far more difficult legally to prove such a proposition than merely to show that an article contains an added poisonous or deleterious ingredient.

On page 120 the Chief of the Food and Drug Administration is accused of kindness to quacks and crooks because he issues warnings telling manufacturers to "carefully consider whether or not their claims are justified in the light of present scientific knowledge." This, say the authors, is kindly, not punitive. But they naively ignore the fact that the Government must prove not only falsity of labeling, but *intent to defraud*, and that the issuance and existence of such warnings forms a background of legal proof to sustain officials in court.

The book states that "suppressions of data unfavorable to powerful interests" are "the standard practice of the Food and Drug Administration." Yet the writer of this review easily secured a fistful of published *Notices of Judgment* against the most prominent food and drug manufacturers of the country therein mentioned by name and violation. The charge on page 219 that seizures of the goods of "reputable and substantial firms" are never made is denied by the existence of hundreds of seizure and prosecution records proving the contrary. The statement on page 130 that the austere and forbidding legal *Notices of Judgment* issued by the Administration are its "sole method of protecting the public" was refuted by the scores of press releases which regularly appear in newspapers all over the country, citing Food and Drug Law violators by name, supplied to this reviewer by the Chief of the Department of Agriculture Press Service. These releases were supplemented by dozens of popular radio talks to the public.

The authors repeatedly charge Federal food and drug officials with failure to apply to Congress for additional funds. They are apparently unaware that such action is illegal, that such requests can be made only to the Bureau of the Budget, and that such lawful applications for increased enforcement funds are made annually by the officials concerned.

The ether, ergot, digitalis, and arsenic poisoning charges so erroneously made in this book, and in magazine articles by the same authors, as well as by unscrupulous commercial interests seeking to disrupt the Administration's work, remain untrue. They have been so thoroughly refuted with ample documentation by drug and pharmaceutical journals, as well as by the present reviewer in his recent books, that further argument about them is supererogatory.

The book nevertheless contains many valuable exposures of fraudulently advertised food and drug products. This sort of thing has been done before, both more accurately and more effectively. But it is certainly useful to have it attempted again, for, in such an economy as ours, the task can scarcely be undertaken too often.

On page 268 the authors suggest repeal of the present food and drug law and replacement of the present organization by a competent technical court and system of licensure. Naturally, if all prospective drug preparations had first to have their formulas certified by a board of scientists, as is true in some European countries, and if food, antiseptic, and cosmetic frauds were shut off by such licensure before they got on the market, the entire problem could be handled more efficiently and more economically. Such suggestions are made by Kallet and Schlink as if they were novel; yet they have for years been advocated by the very Federal officials they denounce as unmitigated rascals.

The book is, therefore, both exceedingly good and distractingly bad. When the authors plead for a vastly larger and better food and drug organization, they perform a valuable social service. When they point out the legal economic limitations to proper functioning of the present law, they are on the right track. But when, with a minimum of accuracy and a maximum of error and unwarranted insinuation, they seek to make lay readers believe that Food and Drug officials are perverted racals, and that thousands are dying because of Government indifference to bad foods and drugs, they are simply being sensational and brisbanal.

Again, when they devote five of their valuable pages to an elephantine consideration of an irrelevant, unimportant, and obvious nonessential like the writer of this review, they convict themselves of serious lack of judgment. Though still connected with the Department of Agriculture in a very minor editorial capacity, he has had nothing whatever to do with enforcement of the Food and Drug Law since between 1910 and 1918, in the old Bureau of Chemistry, and originally in Dr. Wiley's somewhat hysterical and disorganized régime. He is, therefore, as he once said in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "an uninformed layman" in regard to the intricacies of its operations, for only an expert actively engaged in the enforcement of that law could be anything else.

Powerful but largely impersonal forces operate in all such Government regulatory work. Apple growers want to save their fruit from bugs. They appeal to Government entomologists who resort to poison sprays and adhesives. Regulatory officials next demand the apples appear on the market nonpoisonous. They must meanwhile evolve quick and accurate analytic methods to prove their contentions in court. Apple growers again appeal to Government scientists, and chemists, then devise a hydrochloric acid wash to remove the arsenic spray residue from the apples. All the time Federal officials are trying to protect consumers in a profit economy wherein apple growers and dealers also must live. The question is not one of personal rascality, but of economic, social, legal, and scientific forces always precariously balancing one another.

If the reader is well informed and can distinguish between fact and passion, between logic and fallacy, between straightforward truth and unwarranted assumption and, especially, between calm judgment and the higher evangelical haruspicy of the liberal votary in his moments of exalted transfiguration, he may gain a great deal of useful information by reading this book. If unequipped with such omniscience he had better read only for diversion.

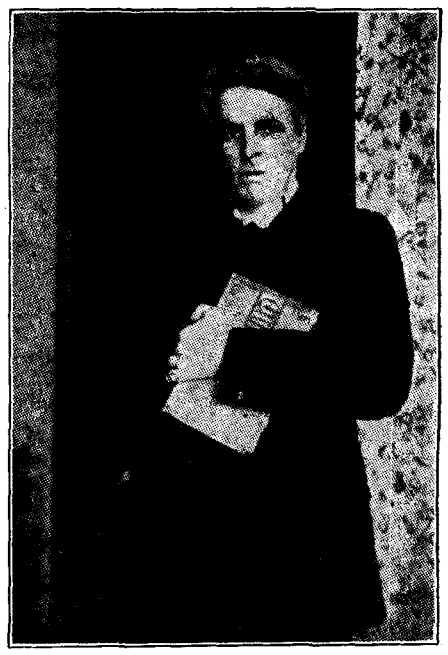
The work is of interest in a broader way because we shall never effect sound social and economic reform in this country until our liberal guides master the technic of permitting facts rather than passion to mold their judgment. Unfortunately our socially and economically literate thinkers are still usually illiterate scientifically, and vice versa. Nevertheless the existence of this book is an asset rather than a liability for, in spite of their effeminate vehemence and vituperation, its authors, though singularly naive, doubtless mean well rather than ill. That at least seems apparent.

The Theatre

"KING OEDIPUS." A modern version by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ON Sunday evening, the fifteenth of January, the Abbey Theatre Players gave a benefit performance of Yeats's modern version of Sophocles's "King Oedipus," to raise funds for the Irish Academy of Letters. The performance took place at the Martin Beck Theatre. Mr. Yeats himself made the curtain speech, sketching a little of the history of the Abbey Theatre and outlining the plan of the Irish Academy. A distinguished figure and a persuasive speaker, his tall presence held the audience until he withdrew, leaving the stage to "my players." "King Oedipus" followed, given without any intermission, which seemed rather a mistake, as did the handling of



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

the choruses in liturgical chant. The former would have properly interrupted the length of the drama, for a breathing space; but the latter frequently jarred its progress. The words were not readily distinguishable in the chanting. And while Mr. Yeats has produced a fine, simple, and direct version of the great Greek play, he has excelled rather in the more rustic and earthy parts than in the grandly dramatic moments. Despite a presence somewhat defective, F. J. McCormick, with his superb voice, gave a great rendering of the unhappy king and dominated the play. Tiresias, maugre his brogue, was impressive. Barry Fitzgerald, however, was quite out of his element as Creon, and the Second Messenger as unbelievably inadequate as the Herdsman was moving. The music for the chorus was by Lennox Robinson, and Arthur Shields directed.

We consider Yeats the greatest poet now living in the English tongue, but his "Oedipus," as spoken, gave little evidence of it. Lady Gregory originally helped him, he vouchsafed, to fit it for the stage, and he had endeavored to write a play eminently suitable for acting rather than of subtle literary values. To our mind, however, he has fallen between two stools. His version is neither the finest acting version extant nor is it, on the other hand, in a class with the language of his poetry.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

I HAVEN'T read Kallet and Schlink's *100,000 000 Guinea Pigs* but it sounds interesting; they are quoted as saying that a certain favorite tooth-paste contains enough chemistry, if eaten, to kill three people. Which reminded me of a passage in Felix Riesenberg's fine book *Endless River* in which he points out how few modern gadgets are really necessary. He maintained that a little plain table salt, mixed with water, was a better tooth-preserver than any of the nifty pastes.

To question the dogmas of theology and metaphysics is a very ancient human squabble, but when a nation begins to wonder about its tooth-paste, tobacco and canned vegetables it is really aroused.

Felix Riesenberg's *Log of the Sea*, about to be published, is a gathering of forty year's sea experience and hearsay. This remarkable book, a sort of Decline and Fall of the Canvas Empire, could not have been written by anyone else, and I think it will have permanent place. It has, as they say in stowage, Reserve Buoyancy. Among its many anecdotes one of my favorites is that of the coasting skipper lost in fog and uncertain of his position. He took soundings, and the lead brought up two prune-stones. "Ah, I know where we are: we're on the course of the Ward Line."

I don't know how it comes about, but this season is remarkable for the number of sea books announced by various publishers.

Herbert Wienert, of the Doubleday Doran bookshops in the Long Island Railroad Station, was checking up stock about a year ago when at the back of a shelf he came upon a little book he did not remember having noticed before. It was called *Elements of Navigation*, by Henderson, price $1.50. Just as an experiment he put it in the window; it was bought almost at once. He got another copy, and again it was snapped up. All through the year it was a sure sale whenever displayed. Mr. Wienert tipped off the other shops in the Doubleday Doran chain, and most of them had the same experience. Many copies were bought by women, children, and clergymen. Mr. Wienert thinks that perhaps it's because a textbook of navigation provides the ideal escape from the problems of every day. Technocracies may rise and fall, but the glamor of spherical trigonometry endures.

About ten days ago the watchful booksellers observed a sudden creaking in the Technocracy boom and began to look carefully at their stock. One large publishing house, which has sometimes been famous in the trade for climbing on band wagons just a little too late, was about to accept a technocracy manual and then paused. The Bowling Green asked their Sales Manager about it. "They had the skids all ready for us," he said, "but we didn't get on."

There's a barber shop at Broadway and 50th Street whose colored attendant has an extraordinary vivacity. He helps a customer into his coat and surtout with a mysterious twitch of the garment that is quite magical; snaps up a fallen coin with lightning dexterity. "How are you?" he asks the arriving patron. "If I'm not too inquisitive, how are you?"—Even in the many weeks while I'm gradually making up my mind to get my hair cut, the thought of that cheerful creature continuing his triumphant assurance consoles my occasional vapors.

Surely one of the pleasantest printing places I have ever seen is Richard Ellis's little Georgian Press at Westport, Conn. It was originally an old barn, built about 1800; in 1928 Mr. Ellis remodelled it as a modest plant for fine printing. What was once a horse-stall is now his tiny office, a stall for the horse with wings. The director of the moving picture *The Animal Kingdom* came all the way from California to make photographs and drawings of the Georgian Press as suggestions for a printing shop in the movie. The series of de luxe books issued by Walter Chrysler Jr. not long ago was printed by Mr. Ellis.

THE GEORGIAN PRESS, WESTPORT, CONN.

But hard times came over the business of fine printing. The typographer himself was ill, and for a while was disheartened. Now he is ready to go to work again with renewed hope. There should always be encouragement for a modest workshop where the oldest of arts is served with such honest fidelity.

Among the innumerable surprises of Manhattan, not least was to find that George Matthew Adams, who runs a newspaper syndicate and whose shrewd and humane little essays are printed in a hundred or more journals all over the country, spends his evenings in his office on Park Avenue mulling over his remarkable collection of rare books and etchings. His outer office is panelled with papier-mâché matrices from newspapers, shellacked over so that they look like bronze tablets; his inner sancta are a treasure house of LeGros and Muirhead Bone. Reading *Henry Ryecroft* some years ago started him collecting George Gissing, and his first editions and MSS of that writer are extraordinary. Most precious of all, perhaps, is the little notebook carried by Gissing in this country as a young man, when he was peddling gas-jets and living on peanuts. Mr. Adams has kindly promised to let me spend an afternoon studying the notebook and I'll hope to report on it later.

MEXICAN NOTES, II.

SIR:—I did not tell you of the extraordinary things in the Museo Nacional, the curious and ambiguous carvings of Asiatic pattern, whether Aztec, Mayan, Mixtec or what I do not know. Those strange idols seem to relate to nothing. Two are anthropomorphic as experience has taught us to expect idols to be, few deify the forms of powerful and esthetic animals. If they express more than a marvellous feeling for design it is some principle so foreign to our notion as to make Chinese seem easy. Of most things one has an inkling. To be sure one does not swallow with the Apulians the liquefied juices of San Nicolé di Bari, but after all one knows what these folk are at. One need not be a Buddhist partly to comprehend that philosophy of harmlessness, or to appreciate and sympathize with its expressions. Tibetan devils are not so unlike our own. Not so in Mexico.

At least today. Twenty-five years ago all Egypt seemed almost unrelated to the otherwise ordered if disorderly procession of ideas and events. No longer. Tut-an-kamen and the sacred Ibis, Dendareh and Amara now fit neatly into their niches. Perhaps so too Mexico, but not yet.

That antiquity is set apart by an unconscious and appalling bloodiness far other than that of the imperial hells of Ur. It is less simple. The American gods are built up of many thoughts, superimposed like the strata of skyscrapers, images of conflicting or alternating notions, not facile in their elaboration but rather labored and ponderous.

This bloodiness is no myth. Read again the testimony of that sturdy eye-witness, Bernal Diaz who wrote the Anabasis of America, a tale inferior but only second to Xenophon's, which is the greatest true story of adventure ever told in type. Read of the daily human sacrifice, of the high altars continually drenched in blood, of the courts and temples reeking with it. And you will understand how it is not to be understood.

I did not tell you of the frescoes of Rivera painted by the running mile and and generously over-stating (which is not easy) all the Mexican past and present with the enthusiasm of a great decorator untrammeled by exact knowledge. These are rewarding and will give you a sense of increased vigor not often experienced in the presence of other moderns. It is something to see him smoldering in the loggia of Cortez's old palace at Cuernavaca with the Three Marias starting up beyond the arches. To be sure he is superficial beside Orozco who is bitter with that peculiarly Spanish venom which for all I know may be half Mexican. But Diego paints with gusto and with a slight early intoxication immensely refreshing after the post-prandial vomitings of Europe.

Not subtly or by way of your head at all Mexico will get into your blood, but directly and spontaneously,—the shade of a wall, the shape of a maquey or a mountain, the pink paper trailing across a pulque shop, the turn of an ankle, the long slow lustre of an eye. It is insistent as the beat of a tom-tom and no less exciting.

I am told that Mexican women are like the Spanish in that three large dimensions are balanced by three small. Large eyes, deep bosoms, broad hips imply slight waists, trim ankles. This is hearsay for who cares. My affections are too rooted in the far north to permit even a passing curiosity although not proscribing admiration for the visible. But beneath and beyond there lies an undeniable and not easily forgotten charm in that vague graciousness, that slow relaxation, that sense of dignity protecting and concealing fire without smoke.

Mexico is not "spoiled." There is a lot of loose talk about countries or cities which are spoiled, but that is not so much from the multitude of "spoilers" as from the inherent "spoilability" of the place or people. True enough, Chester and Taormina are self conscious and to that degree tiresome, but Rome is indifferent. Nor is it just a matter of size. Much smelling diminishes not at all the slightly bitter odor of fresh-cut oak. Mexico is rather like that.

This suits us now. Perhaps from overindulgence in Victorian heliotrope we wince at sweetness, whether in art or literature, in people or in places. To us "saccharine" is the final damnation. You need not fear it below the Rio Grande. It is Spanish that way,—salt with a tinge of rancid oil—and hot, shadeless sun.

Only an American was so silly as to say "this is your house," "I am your servant," but the Mexicans are handsomely polite with a certain ceremony which does not ask for acceptance. Some folk have found insincerity in this but surely it is more tolerable than the mock *bonhommie* so epidemic in our country. For, after all, their bathos has a bottom and is tempered with a practical acquaintance with firearms. To choose a carnation, to compliment a guest, to shoot an enemy, to woo a woman with equal elegance is not a vice.

Am I rather an old fool about this? Congratulate me!

HUGH WESTERN.

Speaking of typography, that was a charming anecdote of Goudy told by Milton Mackaye in *The New Yorker*:—

> Some years ago, when Goudy was giving a course of lectures on lettering at New York University, one of the bright young blossoms of the campus lifted her pencil above her notebook and said: "Professor, just how do you design type?"
>
> "You think of a letter," Goudy said gravely, "and then you mark around it."

G. M. writing in the *New English Weekly* says: "Assuming that the writer is a babe in the woods of economics, as most American writers are, and has never climbed to an eminence of thought from which can be descried the promised land of Liberty and Leisure, what can he do to reinvigorate his morale? The answer, I think,—if he will not take the pains to acquire the new economic vision,—is to attempt something in a literary way that is novel to him. Perhaps I should say, something additional to his usual interests and duties. In short, let him impose greater tasks upon himself and of a positive character."

In memory of the Bowling Green's old and well-loved contributor Will H. Low, who died last November, I reprint this week a small facsimile of one of his less-known paintings, *Stevenson and the Muse*. This, painted by Mr. Low when he was long past 70, was a memory of old days at Fontainebleau when he and R. L. S. were both young students. Will Low was one of the latest survivors of those who knew Stevenson intimately. Readers of this Green will remember that it was Mr. Low who christened the ship *Tusitala* some ten years ago when she was renamed in memory of R. L. S.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

STEVENSON AND THE MUSE.
(From a painting by Will H. Low)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

MR. WELD RETIRES. By ARTHUR D. WELTON. Sears. 1933. $2.

A run-of-the-mill product that should reach the screen before the year is much older. Mr. Weld was "the old man" to his employees, but he found it difficult to think of himself as in any sense being old. His sons found it easy and boosted him into the perfunctory position of chairman of the board of the company he had spent a lifetime in building. Mr. Weld, with time hanging heavy on his hands, cultivated the acquaintance of the park habitués, and it was not long before he had more on his hands than time. There was the philosopher; there was Mazie; there was the Salvation Army man; there was a stolen necklace, a robbery, a murder, and a nice mess of complications to be resolved. These complications are in time solved; Mazie, the talented little girl, who could box like a man, sketch, play music, and be generally endearing, found a safe haven. Her father got shot, the dastardly Salvation Army man got his, the philosopher got shot, too, but recovered. Everything turned out fine.

THE FALLOW LAND. By H. E. BATES. New York: Robert O. Ballou. 1933. $2.50.

A straightforward novel of the soil, such as Mr H. E. Bates presents in his "The Fallow Land," confines its author within fairly definite limits as to plot, characters, and general tone. It is almost a necessity that the people in such a story should lead hard lives, should become, with the exception of the inevitable wastrels, strong and silent men and women, and in the end should be left worn and broken by their struggles against nature. Mr. Bates's new novel conforms to this pattern, and is surely among the most cheerless of its type, yet its simplicity and genuiness do much to rescue it from the rather dreary run of such things, and on the whole succeed in making the reader aware of the Mortimers as real people living in a real place.

The principal character is a woman, a stranger from the town, who nevertheless lives the life of the farm even before she has married the brutal and drunken son. Gradually, with the passing of time, she identifies herself with the place, and becomes not only head of the family after being deserted by her husband, but also makes it temporarily a success. The failure of her efforts and the tragedy of her children make up the rest of a book remarkable for its strength and a firm narrative style of rare merit. It is perhaps not of any great significance or originality since it is somewhat lacking in imaginative power but with all these limitations it makes its points admirably. Finally, Mr. Bates's creation of Deborah deserves to rank with the best things he has done, which, as readers of "Two Sisters" will remember, is no faint praise.

THE DUCHESS INTERVENES. By MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES. Putnam. 1933. $2.

Before the war, books of the particular species represented by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's latest novel were more common than now. In fact, in the more obscure European *pensions* one still finds dozens of these best-sellers of yesteryear, each one indistinguishable in looks and quality from its fellows, reposing amidst a dusty flotsam and jetsam consisting of outdated Baedekers and Anglican prayer books. The old maids of both sexes who make up the larger part of the population in these places do, however, still follow with assiduity the adventures of these Edwardian heroes and heroines of high birth and incredible attractions, and it is possible that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has been writing with a shrewd eye on the Tauchnitz trade, which still demands such naive romances.

The Duchess who is her principal character in this series of stories has a saving grain of humor, as well as the usual rather arch tendency to be naughty and unducal. The various episodes of her career are well laid out for a star character of this sort, though they are in the main only too familiar and conventional. Her Grace intervenes with uniform success in the affairs of her family and friends, and only once seems to be faced with anything recognizably post-war. This is when her two sons fall in love with the wards of a great sugar magnate, who has not, decidedly not, the qualifications other than monetary which are prerequisite in alliances with the noble house of Richborough. Daringly, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes makes her Duchess approve and help on the matches, merely because she likes the girls concerned.

While the author has neither the wit of "Elizabeth" nor the farcical sense of Mr. E. F. Benson, she makes her characters go through their well rehearsed paces with assurance, and her book, if unimportant, is always pleasant and readable. It might even be recommended as railway literature, particularly for use en route to an English country house party, once *Punch* and *The Tatler* have been exhausted.

SLOW JOE. By *Max Brand*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

JESS ROUNDTREE, TEXAS RANGER. By *Dane Coolidge*. Dutton. $2.

SOME FAKE A LOVER. By *Ann Du Pre*. Macaulay. $2.

PRIVATE PRACTICE. By *A. L. Furman*. Macaulay. $2.

SILVER MAGIC. By *Elizabeth Carfrae*. Putnam. $2.

THE PRISON WALL. By *Ethel M. Dell*. Putnam. $2.

CHANCE. By *Arthur J. Rees*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

SUDDEN SWEETHEART. By *Bertha Ruck*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS. By *G. K. Chesterton*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

FROM PILLAR TO POST. By *Helen R. Martin*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

COME EASY, GO EASY. By *Arthur Mason*. Day. $2.50.

THE PRINCESS OF SAMOA. By *Claude B. Carter*. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $2.

Travel

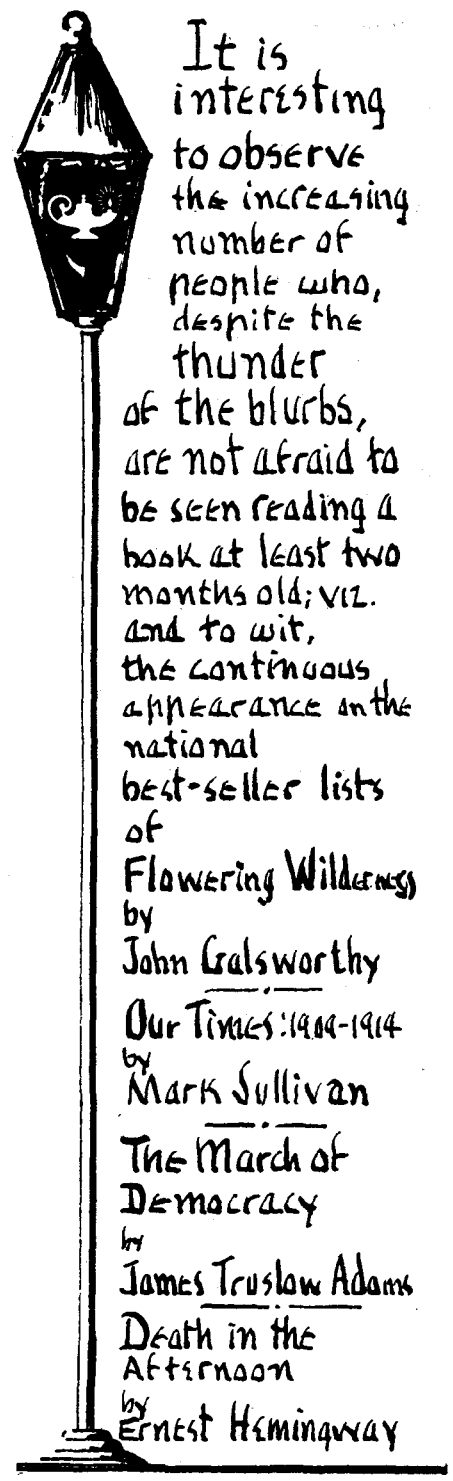
SARDINIAN SIDESHOW. By AMELIE POSSE-BRAGDOVA. Dutton. 1933. $3.

There is an old Sardinian proverb, "Dolori Springi Boxi," signifying "Suffering bursts forth into soul," which admirably defines the flavor of these memoirs. By the window at her writing table, the author frames her apology for them, as she gazes out across a plain in Bohemia towards the castle of Dux where the aged Casanova sat scribbling his memoirs for thirteen years. Amelie Posse-Bragdova's fragmentary narrative is one more angle, though an indirect one, on the war and its unbelievable workings. Of course, collectively it becomes much more than that to a then young and impressionable artist bride and her husband.

Following the Via Flaminia in 1915, close to Rome, one would have come upon the pine woods of Strohl Fern, the old Alsatian, where an artist colony formed a kind of republic, an "anachronistic idyll." To this the author was destined soon to belong. From Stockholm she had "travelled south towards Spring (1915) across the whole of warring Central Europe," to marry the Czech painter Oki Brazda. With lively conversational simplicity and a sort of careless picturesqueness of phrase and an originality and wit that gives a fine luminosity to the contents—she contrasts the peaceful Bohemian colony's existence with the growing interest and insistent clamorings of the interventionists in Rome for war.

Perhaps all too swiftly, then, come the new internment orders. The couple are forced to go to Sardinia, and treated like prisoners, being only allowed to choose their locality. Ironically they are classed with the enemy Austrians, whose subjects they unwillingly are. Amelie Bragdova adapts herself immediately and always to her new environment. Her evident estheticism and wide culture illuminate with interest all she sees and does. In Algi'hero, interned with five Polish priests for company, the "Sardinian Sideshow" is alternately grim, gay, sublime, beautiful, and disgusting.

The graphic account of the author's return to Rome and the wearisome months of struggle to secure independence for the unfortunate Czechs, are not so appealing as the chapters on Sardinian crafts and peasant art. Nevertheless, though it lacks the poetic quality of Axel Munthe's prose, and is somewhat overburdened by too much sheer description, this book, "unusual in its broad human outlook," deserves the praise it has already won overseas.


It is interesting to observe the increasing number of people who, despite the thunder of the blurbs, are not afraid to be seen reading a book at least two months old; viz. and to wit, the continuous appearance on the national best-seller lists of
Flowering Wilderness by John Galsworthy
Our Times: 1900-1914 by Mark Sullivan
The March of Democracy by James Truslow Adams
Death in the Afternoon by Ernest Hemingway

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Points of View

"Profits or Prosperity?"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: As a general rule, an author is justified in making a rejoinder to a review of his book only when it contains some serious misrepresentation or misinterpretation of an important aspect of the book. I cannot help feeling that Miss Suzanne La Follette's review of my recent book, "Profits or Prosperity?" in the current *Saturday Review* affords such a case. This review closes as follows: "Rarely have I seen so many sound conclusions supported by so much unsound reasoning. The reason, of course, is that his central thesis is indefensible."

If Miss La Follette had written those sentences first, and pinned them on her desk, and pondered them for a few days before she started to compose, she might have written a different sort of review. The fact that my conclusions, which she endorses, though supported by "unsound reasoning," are diametrically opposed to the conclusions reached by the economics which she espouses might have led her to look with a more unbiased eye for some modicum of virtue in my central thesis.

I say "might." But it is hardly probable. Miss La Follette's economic theory is rigidly set in the classical mould (or is it the Marxian?—they are closely akin), and there is scarcely anything in the world harder to dent than that kind of theory. Miss La Follette objects because I attempt to differentiate between the money invested in the ownership of a business and that loaned to a business for the purchase of material plant and equipment, and because I try to disengage the concept of profits from the morass of vague and contradictory uncertainties in which the orthodox economists have left it. Her trouble is largely one of words. She is bound by the stereotyped, though often ill-defined, terminology that has been bandied about in economic discussions for a century and a quarter.

She insists that the money spent for the ownership of a business shall be considered capital, as well as that invested in plant. Very well, so be it; I have no serious objection. She demands that the money received for the loan of capital (shall we also include the money received for the loan of land?) shall be included in profits as well as the money received from the conduct of a business. Let it be granted. But if this is done, then we must promptly proceed to recognize that there are two distinct kinds of capital, one more different from the other in all its social implications than the other is from land, and that there are two entirely distinct forms of profit, one of which is categorically different from any other form of economic income—the only residual, contingent, and intrinsically speculative return in a thoroughly organized industrial system. To me, it seems simpler and much more enlightening to redefine our terms. But the concepts, not the words, are the really important things.

If Miss La Follette has difficulty in grasping these distinctions, it may help her to ask herself these questions:

What is the difference between a common stock and a bond?

What determines the value of a stock and a bond, respectively?

Why do dividends on common stocks fluctuate between zero and indefinitely dizzy heights, while the interest on bonds remains relatively stable?

Why is a boom period marked by soaring values in stocks rather than in bonds, and why, when the crash comes, is it the stocks that hit the cellar bottom?

And finally let Miss La Follette ask herself, and answer, the question, Who *does* own the finished product of industry?—a question that is never raised, let alone answered, in the standard texts.

Miss La Follette's criticism of my analysis would have done credit to the star pupil in any Economics A 1 class in any college in the country for the last one hundred years. It furnishes as convincing an illustration as I could have wished of one of my major theses—that we must have a new economics before we are able to understand, and therefore effectively to grapple with, the desperate plight in which we find ourselves today.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.
New York University.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: In the *Saturday Review* of November 26, I note reference to my pamphlet "The Sex Side of Life" and my book, "Who's Obscene?"

The notice implies that the pamphlet can be had only as it appears in the book. But it is now, as it always has been, published separately. It is in its fourteenth edition.

The book, "Who's Obscene," is published by the Vanguard Press, not by the Viking Press as quoted in your column.

MARY WARE DENNETT.
Astoria, L. I.

John Cowper Powys

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am gathering bibliographical and literary information about the works of John Cowper Powys, and I should be obliged if any of your readers who possess such information would kindly communicate with me.

LLOYD EMERSON SIBERELL.
6808 Vinewood, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Beecher Family

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am working on a popular account of the Beecher family to be entitled, "Saints, Sinners and Beechers." I am now on the chapter on Catharine Beecher who was one of the pioneers in home economics. It has occurred to me that some of your readers may have pertinent information about one or more members of the family, or about sources of such information which would be of service to me in the preparation of such a book.

I would greatly appreciate your kindness if you would permit me to appeal to them through your pages for such cooperation.

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE.
1 Beekman Place, New York City.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review.* As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

B. B. *H., Sheffield, Pa.,* who asked about English translations of Goncourt novels, is informed by *V. T. E., Dodd College, Shreveport, La.,* that "in the small college library where my brother and I grew up, a library furnished with everyone's red-headed step-child books, there was a quite delightful translation of 'Renée Mauperin,' published by D. Appleton in 1902. It seems hardly likely that it is still in print but it might be pickupable." *W. L. W., State College, Pa.,* writes: "The English version of 'Renée Mauperin' was published in the Modern Library, No. 76, but has been dropped from the list in recent years." *M. K., Evanston, Ill.,* noticing the reply about home doctor books, reinforces my choice of the "Oxford Medical Adviser for the Home," by John D. Comrie (Oxford University Press), by sending a review from the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* that says the volume "should be encouraged because in general it is quite sound and offers to the public some information in a field in which information is largely needed and in which few competent books exist." And *E. R. N., Stamford, Conn.,* says "You will get a dozen cards to suggest Phelan's 'Care and Repair of the Home" (Doubleday, Doran) for B. de V., Lincoln, Mass., who wants to put an old house in order. After telling all itself, it winds up with a long bibliography!"

But the prize good deed of the week is by *Mrs. H. R. Boynton, Pasadena, California,* who upon noticing that someone wanted directions for the game of solitaire called "Senior Wrangler," had not only the appropriate patience but the industry to write out minute and practical directions to the extent of six pages and send them for the use of the inquirer. "It is one of my favorite games," says she," and I am glad some one cares to learn it."

I do like to run this column!

And from a "lonesome Christmas" in Shreveport, Louisiana, comes this also from V. T. E.:

> When you mention Madeira vines—
> They grew—I'm hoping they still grow—in a little town in East Tennessee called Elizabethtown . . . on most of the sides of the narrow porch which, Dad used to say, "circumambulated" the pink house, not a rose-pink stucco house, of course, a ladylike pink frame house with pale green trimmings, a huge, rambling house with a dusky attic and a moldy cellar. The thick green leaves of the madeira vine are all hooked up in your mind, of course, with the thick, green bindings of "Anne of Geierstein" and "Quentin Durward," that you read in its shelter on thundery summer afternoons, looking between whiles at the fountain and the huge sycamore under which the Indians made a treaty and you buried your favorite doll—
>
> Dear lady, after the discursion brought about by madeira vines, you dare not mention oxalis or rose-geranium, do you?
>
> Do I dare? I have them both in my window-box this moment.

I KNOW how readers of this department like to share their books with real booklovers, especially if these be poor and in hospital. If you have books such as you think a tuberculosis patient would enjoy, you can sent them to Leah De Lancey Hanger, Catawba Sanitorium, Virginia, as once you sent them through her—and in what rich quantity! When she was a patient at a sanitorium in New Mexico. She says if some of the books used for your summer reading should be sent "I should be most grateful and I know the others would be." Tucked into the postcript is, "I am a strict bed-patient but feel the greater need of reading material"—and yet she manages somehow to run a maga-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

zine subscription agency. You might bear that in mind too.

And *R. B., Hollywood, California,* has "found your advice so consistently good and to the point that I am asking if you could suggest a book or papers that would give me details of cheap places to live on the French Riviera. I want helpful details, not general statements: I can rave about scenery myself. I want a book by someone who has done what I want to do: live in a cheap room somewhere between Marseilles and Cannes—and what it costs to live."

I suggested, on general principles, "Break Your Lease," by Helen H. Gay (Brentano), which appeared in November and makes it sound perfectly reasonable to live reasonably overseas at this time—a time, I may say, when many Americans are doing it. Advice, either direct or in regard for the choice of books about cheap living on the Riviera, will be welcomed on behalf of R. B. and forwarded to him.

E. G. F., Fort Wayne, Ind., wishes a book for the general information of the executrix of an estate, one that would give her the ABC's of her duties so that she would not have to ask her lawyer everything. There is a little book, a brief summary of "Estate Accounting," by H. D. Greeley (Ronald), that has been and is much in demand. The standard work on the subject in general has been for a long time the two-volume "Wills, Estates, and Trusts," by Conyngton and others (Ronald), but this is now out of print. Its place is to be taken, some time in March or April, by a book from the same publisher of which much is expected: "Wills, Executors, and Trustees," by W. J. Grange, a work for executors, administrators, and trustees on law, accounting and procedure.

R. G. D., West Lafayette, Indiana, asks for information on Hendrik Willem Van Loon, in the form of anecdotes, biographical or otherwise, or critical studies, to be used in a club paper. One of the longest and most vivacious reports in a volume I have often praised—"Living Authors," published by the H. W. Wilson Company—is about Mr. Van Loon; it is full of anecdotes with a direct bearing on his career as a writer, and includes a spirited personal description by David Karsten. But the prettiest account of him is to be found in the autobiography, "Laughing Torso," by Nina Hamnett (Long & Smith), in which he appears as "a very tall man and most awfully nice and amusing." For reviews of Mr. Van Loon's "Geography" (Simon & Schuster), the "Book Review Digest," on file in any library, will furnish information where they may be found.

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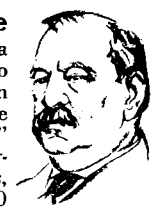

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Made in Japan

IN the spring of 1904 a group of war correspondents were marking time in Tokio, waiting to go to the front with the Japanese army. Like many another assemblage of folk before them who had been thrown into each other's company, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, they fell to telling stories, and they had stories to tell.

Out of it all—as out of a pilgrimage to Canterbury and an immuration under Fiesole—came a book. The title-page read: "In Many Wars by Many War Correspondents. Printed by the Tokyo Printing Company." The silken binding, with its silken cord ligatures and encased back, effected a compromise between oriental and western conceptions of how a book ought to be held together. On the front was a lively likeness of a Japanese cavalry officer at the charge, and above was the title in black and gold.

The editors, George Lynch of the London *Chronicle* and Frederick Palmer of *Collier's Weekly,* signed a brief preface which announced that the proceeds of the sale of the book (Colonel Palmer tells me the edition numbered five hundred copies) would be made over to the Teikoku Gunjin Yengokwai, an association for the relief of the distressed families of men serving with the forces and of men disabled in line of duty. The preface concluded: "The authors appeal to, and rely on, the charity and good feeling of publishers not to publish any copy of this edition which the editors have not the opportunity of copyrighting in English-speaking countries."

The names of many of the forty-nine contributors will have an unfamiliar ring to a generation which fails to appreciate the fact that the Russo-Japanese War was the most lavish display of international pyrotechnics that the world had put on up to that time. There are other names, more familiar, which this same generation will be surprised to learn had some association with the Russo-Japanese War—as Will Levington Comfort and John Fox, Jr. There are still other names which one would thus definitely associate with that war or any other grand excitement and which are familiar on other counts, and chief among these are Richard Harding Davis and Jack London.

The Davis contribution, "How Stephen Crane Took Juana Dias," is a diverting little narrative that makes a pleasant addition to the world's store of Craneana. The Porto Rican occupation, it appears, had been a simple affair. The natives

> received our troops with one hand open and the other presenting either a bouquet or a bottle. Our troops clasped both hands. . . . Scouts and officers of our army on reconaissance were constantly being welcomed by the natives as conquering heroes, and at the approach of one of them, entire villages would capitulate as readily as though the man had come leading an army corps. . . . In order to make quite sure, some towns surrendered several times.

Davis heard of a village, Junana Dias, which seemed "ripe for surrendering," and proposed to Crane that they move on it. But Crane divulged the plot to his superior of the *New York World,* and the superior saw no profit in letting a rival in on what would be a superb news beat. There was certainly a question of journalistic ethics involved, but Davis had evidently excused the breach by the time he wrote the contribution to "In Many Wars"—and Crane had been dead four years. So Crane fared forth alone on what was quite literally a stolen march. Davis continues:

> He approached Juana Dias in a hollow square, smoking a cigarette. His khaki suit, slouched hat, and leggings were all that was needed to drive the first man he saw, or rather the man who first saw him, back upon the town in disorderly retreat. The man aroused the village, and ten minutes later the Alcalde, endeavoring to still maintain a certain pride of manner in the eyes of his townspeople, and yet one not so proud as to displease the American conqueror, surrendered to him the keys of the cartel. Crane told me that no General in the moment of victory had ever acted in a more generous manner. He shot no one against a wall, looted no churches, levied no "forced loans." Instead, he lined up the male members of the community in the plaza, and organized a joint celebration of conquerors and conquered. He separated the men into two classes, roughly divided between "good fellows" and "suspects." Anyone of whose appearance Crane did not approve, anyone whose necktie even did not suit his fancy, was listed as a "suspect." The "good fellows" he graciously permitted to act as his hosts and bodyguard. The others he ordered to their homes. From the barred windows they looked out with envy upon the feast of brotherly love that overflowed from the plaza into the by streets and lashed itself into a frenzied carnival of rejoicing.
>
> Wassail ruled through the night, and in the disillusioning dawn Crane looked down the road he had come the morning before and saw a column of American troops approaching. They had been advancing on the town in stealth and silence for six hours in order to take it by surprise. The colonel in command was pleased to see Crane—"it did not fall to the lot of every Colonel," writes Davis, "to have his victories immortalized by the genius who wrote 'The Red Badge of Courage.'" The Colonel was pleased and said so—too bad that Crane could not have arrived earlier and seen them take the town.
>
> "*This* town!" cried Crane. "I'm really very sorry, Colonel, but I took this town myself before breakfast yesterday morning."

J. T. W.

Words and Meanings

THE DICTIONARY OF GRAPHIC ARTS TERMS. Compiled by HUGO JAHN. Chicago: United Typothetæ of America. 1928. $3.50.

IT is one of the privileges of this department to call attention from time to time to books which are not of current issue, but which, nevertheless, are of importance. Such a volume is Mr. Jahn's dictionary of technical words and phrases used in the printing and allied industries.

It is a very compact little handbook, with some four thousand words defined in its 312 pages. The type is small, and the pages are closely packed, but a simple alphabetical arrangement, with subject entries in heavy type, makes for easy reference, and the printing is clear.

While intended primarily for workers in the graphic arts—printing and its allied activities—this book will be an invaluable help to all bibliographical students, and to students of the history of printing. Not only are innumerable technical terms, met with in general reading, listed and defined, but such obscure matters as "type lice" and "italic quads" (which the curious readers might search long to find) are correctly treated. Long and accurate descriptions of "monotype," "linotype," "paper," etc., are given; equally long descriptions of some more or less ephemeral patented devices can be excused in view of the importance of this information to the student of the future.

So far as I have been able to judge from a random inspection, the definitions are given with great clarity and with a highly commendable degree of accuracy. To be sure, inaccuracy would render this dictionary of far less value, but my experience is that writers in the graphic arts tend to somewhat verbose looseness of thought: Mr. Jahn has succeeded in making his meanings clear with lucidity and brevity.

I heartily commend this book to all collectors, students, and bibliographers: it is one of the most convenient and useful tools which I have seen. R.

The autograph manuscript of Mozart's "Coronation Concert" has been sold in Berlin for £1,560.

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In commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Goethe's death, Gerhart Hauptmann delivered an address, in German, at Columbia University, entitled *Goethe*. This address ($0.50, paper) is published by Columbia University Press.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Writes *Mrs. Charlotte M. Newham:*—

Shouldn't the District of Columbia be included in the category of "News from the States"—or is it just a "red-headed stepchild" in this instance too! As Washington is fast becoming the leading educational center, I believe that your readers would be interested in some of the activities here, so I want to tell them what people seen around town are reading and about the Congressional Library.

A recent *Herald* contained the following pertinent and interesting information:

"The Book collection in the Library of Congress now includes 4,477,431 volumes, making it the largest and most complete library in the world. These facts were brought to light in the annual report of Librarian Herbert Putnam, submitted to Congress yesterday. In addition to the book collection, the building houses millions of maps, manuscripts, engravings, and photostatic copies of rare works in foreign libraries. Second place in the rank of Libraries, according to Mr. Putnam, should go to the great library of the Soviets, at Leningrad, which claims a collection of 4,832,948 different items. He points out, however, that if the Russian system of enumeration had been used here the Library of Congress could claim upwards of several million more works. The collection of books and pamphlets was increased by 185,143 during the year, a figure surpassed only twice in the library's 132 years of existence. Every 24 hours throughout the year 505 volumes were received, until they now fill a total of 84 miles of shelving. . . . A second collection of books from the winter palace of the old Russian czars was received and 7,782 Chinese works were added, bringing the total in that section up to 149,800."

The Luther Bible, which belongs to *Dr. Vollbehr*, was brought to Washington the past autumn to be stored in the Congressional Library. This Bible was bought from the Benedictine Monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia, Austria, for the sum of $375,000, the highest price ever paid for a single book. Washington now boasts the two books considered the rarest by bibliophiles—the other being the Gutenburg Bible, acquired by Congressional legislation a year or so ago, together with a collection of 15th century incunabula. All the libraries, from "Congressional" to the suburban Carnegie branches, are running over with readers these days—from hosts of school children to old, old scholars—reading everything, from current magazines, through fiction, biography, law, science, and art. I see, too, a class of people who two or three years ago one never saw in a library. This is one good result of the "depression," and I am informed by a librarian that there is a vast increase in the number of books being taken out by families who are staying at home more closely evenings.

Hesitating at the door of the new Department of Commerce Building, the following books were noted, tucked snugly under arms. "Josephus" by *Lion Feuchtwanger*, "Kow Tow" by *Princess der Ling*, "John Quincy Adams," by the newly elected Senator from Missouri, *Bennett Clark*, "The Great Pacific War," by *Rector Bywater*, and the "Autobiography of *Lincoln Steffens*." There seems to be an epidemic of library interest in the Department of Commerce; one hears frequent discussions about journalism and story writing, authors and books, and there are numerous night students of these subjects.

Leigh Rogers, author of "Wine of Fury," and incidentally an aviator and Chief of the Aeronautics Trade Division, Department of Commerce, is burning up midnight oil and probably typewriter ribbons, getting his new novel finished for release. The scene of the first mentioned book was laid in Russia during the Revolution, that of the latter is Mexico, during Maximilian's reign.

ILLINOIS

Mrs. Keith Preston communicates:—

Buildings and exhibits of Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition are opening one by one. In the "old section," just north of 31st Street on the Lake Shore, the "Abraham Lincoln Group" adjoins Fort Dearborn. Beside the replicas of Lincoln's birthplace, his New Salem store, and the Wigwam, stands a log cabin housing the Lincoln Book Store, operated by the Economy Book Store. The stock represents the Economy's usual variety, with special emphasis on history of the Middle West. Rare collections of Lincolniana will be found side by side with popular editions of Lincoln biographies, books being sold at reduced prices, and souvenirs.

"The Twenty-Seventh Ride" is reported at Kroch's to be their best selling mystery story. It was written by *Arthur D. Welton*, formerly a journalist, later publicity man in Chicago's largest bank, now in the advertising business. Mr. Welton was editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, where he often found his office boy, *"Eddie" Guest*, trying to make rhymes on a typewriter. A book some publisher should get Mr. Welton to write is the history of the automobile industry in Detroit, from the point of view of news.

Will Solle, whose recommendation has sold unnumbered books to patrons of Kroch's International Bookstore, finds himself still unable to return to business after an eight months' rest in California, and has retired to a farm in Michigan to complete his recuperation.

KANSAS

Mrs. Jesse Eble of Lyons has had her book of Kansas Indian History, "The Red Trail," published by Henry Harrison. It is poetry.

Also from Lyons comes a book from that liberal editor, *Paul Jones*, which he has called, "Quivira." It is published by McCormick-Armstrong of Wichita.

A book of poetry comes from the hand of *May Williams Ward* of Belpré. Its title is "See-Saw." Mrs. Williams was formerly the editor of *The Harp*, a Kansas magazine devoted to poetry. The editorship of *The Harp* has now reverted to its owner, *Mrs. Eunice Wallace Shore*, of Augusta.

MISSISSIPPI

James W. Sells, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Forest, Mississippi, tells us:—

With the exception of the already famous *William Faulkner* of Oxford, Mississippi, the writers in this state are in the embryonic stage. Most of our successful ones have migrated to other regions. However, *Miss Elizabeth T. Newman*, of Belhaven College, Jackson, Mississippi, has recently published a book of poems, "Garden Rhythms." The volume is illustrated with blockprints cut by students of the Belhaven School of Art. The poems are, as the title indicates, of and about the garden and woods. There are a few short poems on general subjects.

Bookselling in this state is a precarious occupation because of the scattered population. However, *Mrs. Curtis Herbert*, in charge of the book department of The Office Supply Company of Jackson, which store sells more books, perhaps, than any other in the state, says the reading of books is on the increase. The following books are having the best sale in her department: "Sheltered Life"; "Magnificent Obsession"; "The Fountain"; "Let's Start Over Again," by Vash Young; and Douglass's new book, "Forgive Us Our Trespasses."

VERMONT

Did *Jacob Abbott*, the author of "The Franconia Stories," really visit the little village nestling under the shadow of Mt. Lafayette, or did he place Mary Bell and Beechnut in an environment of which he had heard or about which he had read? To this day, eager tourists arrive in the White Mountains demanding that they be shown the exact spots where the children, beloved by our grandparents, carried on their story-book lives. One reader claims that the scene was laid in a village of the name of Franconia in the state of New York or Pennsylvania. *Miss Adeline Joyce* of the Lafayette Workshop has a first edition of the stories (1853) containing a frontispiece bearing these words, "Scene, Franconia, a place in the mountains at the north." Since the author lived in Maine a village in the White Mountains would seem a natural conclusion.

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ENGLISH composition; theses re-written by modern author; "different method"; reasonable. Walters, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD listener. Simpatica. Former Baptist and D. A. R. Still Democrat. Thirty-eight. Like letters. Dorcas Marrlin, General Delivery, Beverly Hills, California.

YOUNG woman, lacking pernicious complexes or inhibitions, but suddenly very lonely, would enjoy meeting, or corresponding with, a man of discretion and good taste. New York or vicinity. Beth, c/o *Saturday Review.*

WANTED—Poetry for pamphlet publication. Good stuff only. THE REVIEW, 56 Pinckney Street, Boston.

WOMAN, writer, editor, author of travel book, wants new connection: publicity, writing assignments, editorial desk, or traveling position. Box No. 111.

WOMAN, American, single, good character. General hand in busy people's homes; trades of cooking, managing, wardrobe care, attendance of sick, travelling aid, covered with intelligent understanding. Box 112.

SMALL PARROT needing change of scene may have temporary home with juvenile writer desiring to study *Psittacidae* phenomena. PARAKEET.

WITH unpardonable arrogance, I promise to arrange everybody's destiny! Emma.

YOUNG woman, wide interests, would enjoy corresponding with men, about thirty, and alert. Alien.

RED FLANNELS where are my snapshots? See you when? Love. Sally.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

HERE is an interesting letter from *Lloyd Wendell Eshleman* of this city, proceeding from a consideration of Protracted Sentences:

Occasionally I have noted references in the *Saturday Review*, especially in your columns, I believe, to long sentences in literature. Until recently I had thought that a certain famous sentence by *Proust* took both the cake and the ale for wordiness, but in checking over some references for a history of England, I now find that *Lady Lucy Hutchinson's* famous description of her husband, in "Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson" (edition of 1806), takes my breath to the extent of a modest 810 words. Any lady capable of so long a period must have had her husband on her mind. I find by the aid of the *D. N. B.* that her evident preparation for this herculean task consisted of girlhood translations of *Lucretius*, in verse, although it would appear that she was somewhat lacking in that poet's sense of nice precision when she wrote of her husband that "his conversation was pleasant, for he was naturally cheerful, had a ready wit and apprehension," despite the fact that "he was not talkative, yet free of discourse," and again (within this august sentence) that "he had a very good faculty in persuading, and would speak very well, pertinently, and effectually without premeditation, upon the greatest occasions that could be offered, for indeed, his judgment was so nice, that he could never frame any speech beforehand to please himself; but his invention was so ready, and wisdom so habitual in all his speeches, that he never had any reason to repent himself of speaking at any time without ranking the words beforehand," etc., *ad infinitum*.

After all of this, what is the social historian to think of Colonel Hutchinson's loquacity—or of his wife's? I have not read the eminent Lady "On Principles of the Christian Religion," but on the strength of her famous "Life," I can recommend it to all good fellow Baptists.

Upon further investigation, I find that an eminent English man of letters, Litt.D., designates her portrait of her husband "one of the classics of English literature." I wonder if any of your readers know of any sentence in English literature that exceeds 810 words. If so, I should be particularly pleased to know about it.

P. S.: It is fitting, I suppose, that in the following sentence she should say: "To sum up, therefore, all that can be said of his outward frame and disposition, we must truly conclude, that it was a very handsome and well-furnished lodging prepared for the reception of that prince, who in the administration of all excellent virtues reigned there a while, till he was called back to the palace of the universal emperor."

There is good material in Lady Hutchinson's book for all newlyweds and prospective bridegrooms. Newly married publishers ought to reprint the volume. Matrimonial bureaus might get a slogan or two from it to use on their letterheads.

We find on our desk, coming from *Fannie E. Wakely*, for twenty-five years a teacher of Latin and now a librarian, a favorite poem of hers by *A. D. Godley*, a well-known classicist and the J. K. Stephen of Oxford. It is delightful enough to reprint, the Motor Bus now being such a familiar sight all over these United States:

What is this that roareth thus?
Can it be a Motor Bus?
Yes, the smell and hideous hum
Indicat Motorem Bum!
Implet in the Corn and High
Terror me Motoris Bi:
Bo Motori clamitabo
Ne Motore caedar a Bo.
Dative be or Ablative
So thou only let us live:
Whither shall thy victims flee?
Spare us, spare us, Motor Be!
Thus I sang; and still anigh
Came in hordes Motores Bi,
Et complebat omne forum
Copia Motorum Borum.
How shall wretches live like us
Cincti Bis Motoribus?
Domine defende nos
Contra hos Motores Bos!

In Irish circles we hear good things of the latest novel of *Francis Stuart*, "The Coloured Dome," by the man who wrote "Pigeon Irish." *William Butler Yeats* spoke highly of it in a recent lecture in this city. The Macmillan Company publish it. . . .

Abbie M. Copps, of the Department of English at Olivet College, Michigan, sends us the following gem submitted by a student in her class in World Literature, in response to a tame demand for a paper on Horace (the only stipulation being that the paper should not be on the life of Horace):

THE LIFE OF HORACE

Horace was born before Christ, and it's a good thing. If he had been born A.D., he would have been an atheist, or else too distracted in his own mind to write any letters, much less odes, not to mention epodes. He was born in December; which is also a good thing, because if he had been born in January, someone would have been sure to call him two-faced, and he was not that of all things. Horace was born in an old Roman colony, which is about as bad as being born in a hacienda except that he didn't have to eat hot tamales from infancy up. If he had, his poetry would not have been any more peppery, but it might have been testy.

If Horace had been born before Adam, he would have had no degeneracy to write about, and no women to which to address odes (to whom). And what would he have done about the goddess Fortuna? Up to that time she was a law-abiding citizen, but as soon as an effete civilization crept into the world and she began to be addressed as Miss-Fortune. . . .

If Horace had lived in the Middle Ages, he would not have taken a bath. Besides that, he would have missed Maecenas, and it is extremely doubtful that during this period he would have found anyone, with the exception of Herbert Hoover, whom he would have cared not to outlive. And then we must remember that he would probably have become infected with the vice of singing serenades and Platonically loving married women. The moment that he became unorthodox and sprang his Doleful Serenade, some long-suffering husband would have been sure to interpret his song the other way around, and he would never have got beyond Ode X, Book III, and that would have been a great shame, because Bandusia's Fountain would have been lost to us. (Crocodile weeping.)

If Horace had been born in Elizabethan England, he would have been driven to write Ode VI, Book II, about the Thames and Falmouth. If you can imagine two worse subjects for an ode, please send them, together with a self-addressed stamped envelope, and I will steam off the stamp. And imagine Horace writing an ode to Queen Elizabeth! Yes, I'll admit that some people did, but what were their motives? And what's more, she would have been more likely to slap him than to knight him, for I'm of the opinion that his sense of humor would have got the better of him.

Think of Horace the Victorian. If this is too much, think of him as early Victorian. Would he have written Of Lalage? To Albius Tibullus? Lalage (To Aristius Fuscus)? Of Wine and Love? Chloe? Please! H. R. H. would have banned him to North Wales, and no one would have been able to read a thing he wrote after he became addicted to the language. In case he did not go to Wales, he would have written in English (as long as he stayed with Disraeli), and there would have been nothing to start the hymn Integer Vitae (with what).

Suppose Horace had been born in 1888, during the snow storm. He would have liked that, I'm sure. The very thought of his tunneling out to the barn at that early age fills me with something or other. What would Untermeyer, Eugene Field, and forty-two others have done for classics to translate? Attack Caesar in Gaul? I think not.

I am glad that Horace was born in an old Roman colony, B.C. (do not confuse with British Columbia). He had a better chance to be the product of his age, and no chance at all to become corrupted by H. L. Mencken.

The rest of his life is unimportant. He grew up; went to school; wrote some poetry, and died, still (thank goodness) B.C.

We have rarely encountered a more original essay! The tongue in the cheek is obvious, and the talented young author—if he isn't too self-satisfied—may grow up to be an ornament to American letters. Just what type of ornament we cannot say. At any rate, he possesses one virtue. He prefers to view literature as a living thing rather than a mausoleum of books.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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Dear S. R.

Here is my renewal and I must first add a word of gratitude and appreciation for never letting me down once in all these eight years! It would be hard to say what I like best about the Review. To me an American who must perforce live abroad it is invaluable and gives me each week a refreshing and stimulating swim in the best and deepest current of American thought. It is so truly American and so fine and has a vitality painfully lacking in nearly all English publications over here.

There is much more I should like to say but doubtless it has been said before.

Wishing you many years of increasing success, I am

Always your admiring reader
ETHEL L. BOETZELAER.

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